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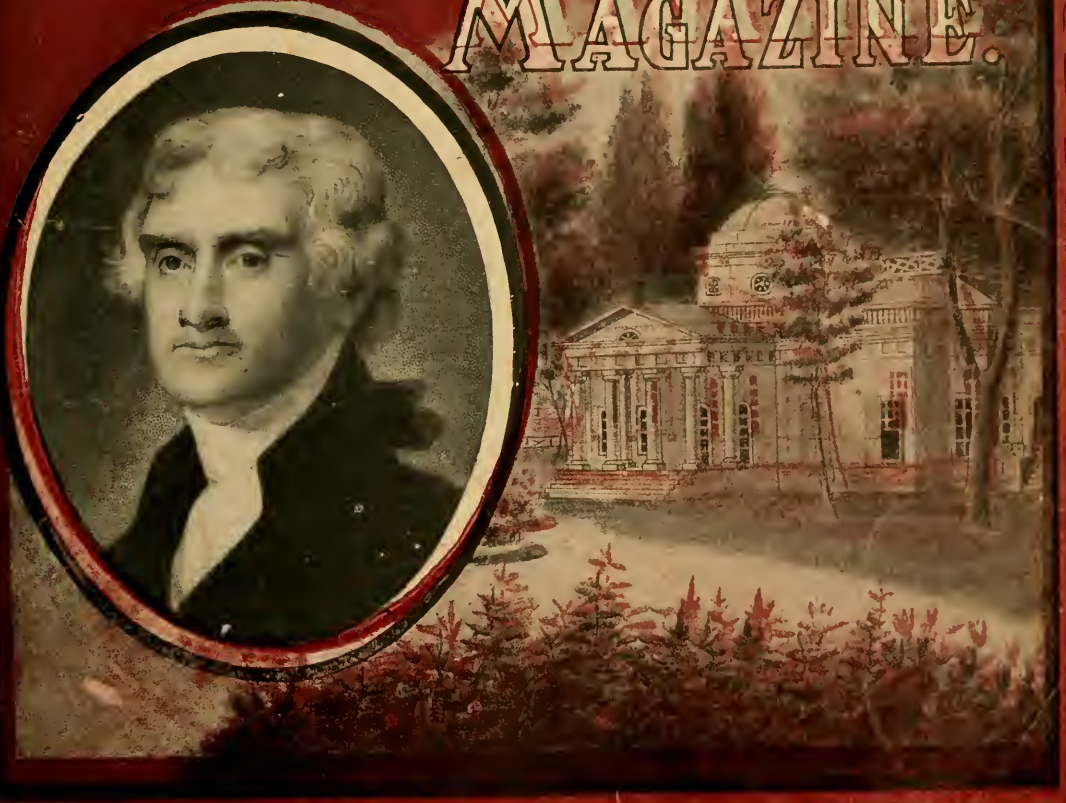

THOS. E. WATSON
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR
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WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE.

THOS. E. WATSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

VOL. 2. MARCH, 1908. No. 3

CONTENTS.

EDITORIALS - - - - - - - - - *Thomas E. Watson*

Party Government—Let the Government Create the Money—Glimpses Behind the Curtain 84

THE WHITE HOUNDS OF DEATH—A Poem - *Anne McQueen* 88

HER MINIATURE—A Poem - - - - - *H. A. Ferrell* 92

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD - - - - 102

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON - 115

HER TREASURE - - - - - - - *Ida Golding Riddle* 125

ANN BOYD—A Serial Story - - - - *Will N. Harben* 134

THE DEVIL'S HUNTING—A Poem - - *Mary Chapin Smith* 146

BOOK REVIEWS - - - - - - 147

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE - - - 150

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PARTY GOVERNMENT.

One of the healthiest signs of the times is the manner in which, both in Europe and America, great parties are breaking up into smaller groups.

There may have been a time when it was best that there should only be two political parties in England—the Whigs and the Tories. In a general way the Tories stood for the King, the Church, and the Aristocracy. They strenuously antagonized any changes which sought to lower the prerogative of the monarch, the power and revenue of the priest, or the special privilege of the noble.

The Whigs, in a general way, stood for constitutional checks on the King, and for a more general division among other classes of the powers and privileges enjoyed by the Aristocracy of Church and State.

For many generations the great battles of Anglo-Saxon Progress were fought between these two parties. One after another, the Whigs wrested from the grudging hands of the Tories the reforms which gave a share in the government to the middle classes, composed of the merchants, the farmers, and the laboring men.

As a natural result, the social, industrial and political interests became complex, where previously they had been simple.

The merchant, having gained representation in Parliament by the abolition of the Rotten-Borough System, came to the front with his ambitions and his theories.

The laborer, having been given the franchise by the reformers of the last generation, strode sturdily forward and entered his case for a hearing and a settlement.

The Irish Catholic, having been liberated by O'Connell from a century of silence and subjection, lost not a moment in making angry remonstrance in the British Parliament against the oppression of which his country had been made the victim.

Thus, we can readily see how the scope of party discussions widened, how the fierce conflicts of interests multiplied, and how impossible it became to divide English politics along two arbitrary lines of Whigism and Toryism.

There was the Irishman, who was a Home Ruler above everything else; he would act with Whig or with Tory, it mattered not which to him, so that *he* got what he wanted *for Ireland.*

There was the laborer; he stood, first of all, for the interests of *his*

class. What did he care about the dispute between the Whig nabobs on the one side, and the Tory nabobs on the other?

The laborer, like a man of sense, wanted something for *himself* and his *class.*

Hence, in one campaign the Labor Party might side with D'Israeli; in another with Gladstone—according to how much D'Israeli (the Tory-Conservative) or Gladstone, (the Whig-Liberal) might be willing to concede to the demands of labor.

Then there were the Radical reformers, like Labouchere, who favored an abolition of the monarchical form of government; the Trade Unionists, the Socialists, the Prohibitionists, and other minor groups.

Each of these political organizations was formed for a definite purpose. Each of them possessed power and compelled recognition. Gladstone could not carry on the government until he came to an understanding with the Irish Party. Lord Roseberry, in spite of all the Rothschild money, could only remain in the saddle as long as he kept up a coalition with one or two of the minor political groups.

So, also, with Lord Salisbury, the leader of the Tory-Conservatives. His party was stronger than any one of the small groups—but as long as he could not get the aid of some of these "third parties," he remained out in the raw East-wind.

When Roseberry offended the smaller groups whose votes gave him a majority over the Tory-Conservatives, they could transfer their support to the other side, and bring them into power. Hence it was that the demands of labor, and the grievances of the common people against Class Privilege, made such wonderful headway in England.

We saw Joseph Chamberlain, leader of a mere handful of Radicals in Parliament, became *necessary* to the haughty Cecil—Lord Salisbury—and he was made member of a Cabinet *which he dominated.*

We saw the Bannerman administration become aware of its need of Union Labor support, and the result is representation for Union Labor in the British Cabinet.

In fact, it is a curious thing that in England and Continental Europe the minority parties are continually wrenching some concession from the Government. It is only in America that the dominant party does exactly what it wants to do. *What is the secret?*

It is that the Democratic leaders are, *at heart,* in favor of Republican policies, and that is the reason why we cannot, as in other countries, wring concessions in favor of the people.

If Great Britain had been divided into two parties, and only two, the distinctive ideas represented by the smaller groups might never have received any attention at all.

Here, in our own country, we have had the deadly domination of two political parties, and only two.

If the Democratic creed embraced *one* principle that you loved, and *four* which you hated, while the Republican creed embraced nothing you loved and all that you hated, you *had to be* a Democrat. You had no other choice.

And your reward would be that the Democratic party, after it got into power, would practice the four principles you hated, and trample the life out of the one principle you loved.

Where there are only two parties, intolerance is bound to prevail, and sectionalism to rear its threatening head.

An intelligent citizen might be utterly opposed to both the parties; yet unless he acted with one or the other, he would have no hand whatever in the government of his country.

Where there are only two parties, mental stagnation takes place; heads become mere hat-pegs; independent research and individual judgment are discouraged, and the voter who becomes convinced that there is rottenness in *his* party has no redress, because he knows that the other party is equally corrupt.

Being fonder of *his* rascals than of those of the other party, he remains a good Democrat, or a good Republican, as the case may be.

Owing to the slavery question, and the issues growing out of it, we have been peculiarly slow in throwing off the political shackles of the two old political parties which have been playing into each other's hands so beautifully, these many years.

The greater the number of parties, the greater is the liberty of choice to the voter. Consequently discussion is stimulated, the reasoning faculties awakened, and political education becomes an absolute necessity.

Who ever heard of a Republican that wanted the people educated on Finance, Tariff, or Transportation?

Who ever heard of a Democrat who wanted the people to know the real nature of a Bond, a National Bank, or the Internal Revenue System?

Never since the war, has there been any attempt on the part of Democratic leaders to do more than abuse the Republicans; nor any effort of the Republicans to do more than vilify the Democrats.

And each, when in power, has done exactly what it condemned when out of power.

No attempt has been made to enlighten the people upon the various complex questions which the development of our industrial, social and political systems have forced upon us.

These great questions have at last happily broken away from the thraldom of the two old parties.

The issues of today, pulsing with the hot blood of real life, demand attention, challenge consideration, defy neglect.

The very existence of popular government depends upon the wisdom and the promptness with which we deal with the questions which have arisen between the Southwest and Northeast; between the laborer and the "Protected" capitalist, who holds the power of life and death over him; between the Corporations which are the creatures of human statute, and the people who are the creatures of the Divine law; between the Privileged Classes who want the earth, and the masses who swear that they shan't have it; between the Financier,—arrogant, voracious, subtle, tireless,—who has selected the human toilers of the world as his game, and the human Toiler who sees the danger, hates the huntsman, stands at bay, and grimly prepares to fight for his liberty, his home, his life.

These be momentous issues. No two parties can choke them down—be the attempt ever so cunningly contrived.

Two parties *have* choked them down during thirty years,—and now *where are we?*

On the very brink of national and individual ruin—our republican form of government reduced to a mere machine of party despotism and class spoliation.

Breaking away from a Democracy which loves everything which Jefferson hated, and breaking away from a Republicanism which hates everything that Lincoln loved, the people are pushing to the front the common sense idea that principles are holier than parties, and that *ballots are only respectable when they represent convictions.*

In vain does the editorial owl, perched drowsily in the gloom of ignorance and prejudice, solemnly hoot, "There ain't room for but two parties in this country."

There *is* room, and we are glad that the tenants are moving in.

Let us have more political groups.

Let us have more parties pledged to distinctive principles. The more, the merrier.

Let us have thought, investigation, discussion, intelligent judgment. *Encourage Discontent,* so that people may be *forced to think.*

Let every party and every principle be brought to the sternly honest test of a full examination.

Let the day be forever past when we swallowed nauseous policies, practices or *candidates* simply because they were *branded* Democratic, or Republican.

Let us compel every creed, and every champion of a creed to halt at the frontier of our approval, and tell us who and what he is before he can advance with our permission.

Let us make of our franchise a prize, an honor to be striven for by the worthiest; and let that worthiest be known after full consideration, ample debate, an open field, and a fair fight.

In such an arena, Truth has no foe to fear, no danger to dread.

In *such* a combat, Right will move down the arena like Lancelot, a knight whose spear sweeps the lists of every foe.

THE WHITE HOUNDS OF DEATH.

(In Celtic and Scandinavian legend the White Hounds of Death appear at the passing of a soul.)

"I am cold, mother, cold!" moaned the child in its bed.
"I'll warm thee, mavourneen," the mother crooned low.
But the heart in her bosom beat heavy with dread,
For the cabin was warm with the peat-fire's glow.
And a sound in the forest—'twas the night wind's breath,
Or the baying deep of the White Hounds of Death!

"It is dark—O, so dark are the shadows of night!"
"I'll light all the candles and sing thee to sleep!"
But the flame of the candles burned steady and bright,
So never a shadow of darkness might creep.
Loud the wind in the forest—fear clutches her breath,
The baying she knows of the White Hounds of Death!

"O, come hold me, close, close,—or they take me away!"
"Acushla, thy mother holds safely her child!"
But the wee body quivered, and coldly it lay,
The voice of the mother lamenting rose wild.
For a soul had passed out with that quivering breath,
And lo, in the doorway, the White Hounds of Death!

—Anne McQueen, Tallahassee, Florida.

LET THE GOVERNMENT CREATE THE MONEY.

The Federal Government of 85,000,000 people should maintain its dignity, its power, its sovereignty.

It should never mutilate itself, debase itself, nor tarnish its honor. When it farms out for private profit any of the grand and necessary functions of government, it deprives itself of one of its limbs, destroys its own symmetry, impairs its usefulness, prostitutes itself to an unworthy purpose.

Why do we entrust the central Government with the exclusive authority to declare war? Because the power is too vast and terrible to be entrusted to any minority of the people. The Government represents *all* the people, and war should never be waged until all the people, speaking through the Government, declare in favor of it.

In like manner, it is the Government which must make laws, establish courts, maintain good order, punish crime, regulate commerce, and exercise such other powers as are recognized as Governmental functions.

One function of government,—one that has from time immemorial been recognized as an inseparable attribute of sovereignty,—is that of establishing and maintaining the money-system. Always, and everywhere, the Government has stamped and issued the money. Always, and everywhere, the creation of money has been a royal prerogative.

In nature, there is no such thing as *money*. Man creates cloth and makes a suit of clothes,—nature does not. Nature never even furnished shrinking womanhood with an apron of fig leaves. Nature gave all of us the same naked start—and there are millions of our fellow creatures, male and female, who have been content with what nature did, and have not even taken the trouble to make the apron of leaves.

The more progressive men made coverings for themselves; and from aprons of fig leaves they advanced to coverings made from the skins of various beasts of the field. In the course of ages, they advanced to the state of tanned and dressed leather, and in many parts of the world the skins of wild beasts still supply the people with raiment. Among ourselves, the use of leather disappeared *less than a hundred years ago,* for many of the soldiers who fought on our side in the war of 1812 were covered, at least in part, with the skins of wild animals.

From nakedness, to the flap made of bark or leaves; from the flap, to the kirtle; from the single garment, which concealed the lower half of the body, to the robe which covered it all; and from the robe to the full

and complicated attire of the present day, was a line of progress which the human race was centuries in traveling.

In like manner, commerce has evolved from primitive barter to such a complex system of exchanges until the plain people have forgotten the true meaning and purpose of the creation of money.

When the owner of a cow got tired of driving it around, hunting somebody who was willing to exchange for it another cow, or some sheep, or hogs, or grain, or peltry, he found that everybody else was equally tired of that clumsy system of commerce.

Therefore, even among barbarous tribes, something better was agreed upon. The tribe consulted, in council, and decided that certain kinds of beads, or shell, or pelts, should have such and such a value *in exchange.*

After this, the man who had a cow to sell would accept a certain number of these beads, or shells, or skins; and he would then use these, instead of the cow itself, when he came to buy sheep, or swine, or grain.

I am doing my level best to make this plain and simple, so that it may be comprehended by the editors of our daily papers.

In making the preliminary studies for the "Life and Times of Andrew Jackson," I discovered that in the "State of Franklin,"—the forerunner of Tennessee—the backwoodsmen had a regular system of currency made up entirely of peltry. The skins of the bear, the buck, the otter, the raccoon had their agreed rating, and these skins circulated as money just as freely as the soap-wrapper stuff which the New York Clearing House criminals forced on the country last fall.

But as barbarism gave way to civilization, the ruder money systems were replaced by the use of metallic money.

Iron was not money, but *the law* in Sparta made it so.

Copper was not money, but *the law* of China made it so.

Silver was not money, but *the law* of Rome and of many other countries made it so.

Gold was not money, but *the law* made it so when Cæsar had come to be the virtual ruler of the European world.

But as society became more cultivated, and commerce vastly greater and more complex, metallic money became comparatively as clumsy to do business with as beads and shells had been to our barbarous ancestors. It was practically impossible to lug large sums of silver and gold around, buying and selling, lending and collecting. Besides, there was not enough silver and gold to supply the demands of the commerce of the world which had so enormously increased with the progress of manufactures, the application of steam to navigation, and the other well-known modern inventions and discoveries which have changed the face of the universe.

Out of the necessity of the case, sprang paper money.

In itself, wood pulp is just as near to being *money* as the slender thread of golden ore locked in the rigid hold of the quartz.

The Government stamp and the law of legal tender turns gold bullion into gold money. When you accept ten gold dollars for your calf, it isn't the gold bullion that you are after—it is *the ten dollars.* And the ten dollars wouldn't be there without the Government *stamp* and the law of *legal tender.*

Suppose that the bullion of itself were worth ten dollars and you were asked to choose which you would accept—the gold bullion, or ten silver dollars, or ten Greenback dollars. Which would you prefer? Don't you *know* that you would reject the gold bullion which you *might* not be able to dispose of without a loss, and that you *would* accept the Greenbacks or the silver *which nobody can legally refuse?*

The paper in the ten Greenback dollars has no value; the silver in the ten dollars is worth about six dollars, yet *nobody* would hesitate to take the paper money or the silver, in preference to the gold bullion, which is *worth* ten dollars, but which is *not ten dollars.*

You can use the paper money or the silver *at once,* as money; you cannot use the gold as money until it is taken to the mint, melted, *stamped and thus given the benefit of the law of legal tender.* Consequently, it is true, in every sense of the word, that *the Government creates money.*

Even the editors of the daily dodgers, duckers, side-steppers and corporation tools will be forced to see this, bye and bye.

Coming back to the proposition that money is a mere product of agreement, convention, *law*—we repeat that its creation is a sovereign function, always has been, and always should be.

That our forefathers understood it so, and meant to clothe the Federal Government, exclusively, with the authority to create money, is evidenced by the Constitution itself. Not only was Congress invested with this mighty attribute of sovereignty, but *it was expressly denied to the States.*

Think, then, what an illegal monstrosity the National banking system is when *it is given sovereign powers which the Constitution denies to the States!*

Can any sane man believe that the thirteen original States of the old Confederation meant to give Congress the right to create private corporations which *might be invested with greater powers than were exercised by the States themselves?*

It was for that very reason, no doubt, that the States, acting in Constitutional Convention, voted down the proposition to clothe Congress with this dangerous power.

The States meant to reserve to themselves the authority to charter corporations. They expressly refused to adopt the clause which gave the

Federal Government that power. From the first formation of the Jeffersonian party down to the Civil War, the Democracy *always* contended that Congress did *not* have the legal right to create corporations. Yet so far have we wandered from the old landmarks that *every Democrat in Congress, with one lone exception, voted with the Republicans, in 1901, to recharter the National banks for another twenty years.*

Thus the Democratic party violated every prineiple of State Rights and of sound Democracy by voting away to a few favored private corporations the vast and sovereign power to create money—a power expressly denied to the States themselves!

HER MINIATURE.

Amid the fumes of wine and stale cigars,
Upon the floor a drunken gambler lies:
His shameful history in his blood-shot eyes;
On his black soul are Dissipation's scars,
And all of Crime seen through the prison bars.
His heart is Hell, and all of Evil's ties
Have bound him there that he may never rise,
To grope his way beneath the distant stars.

An open locket in his hand he holds;
The old-love tones are lilting in his ears;
Her Love was not the love that scorns and scolds,
Her Love, the loyal Love that conquers fears:
Her Faith, his faithless faith, in Faith enfolds:
The gambler's heart and face are hot with tears.

H. A. Ferrell, Fernandina, Fla.

GLIMPSES BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Of history one may grow tired, but who does not find perennial interest in piquant Memoirs and chatty biographies?

History was ever too stilted to pick up trifles, and yet trifles are often priceless, for they reveal hidden *causes* and unlock the mysteries of events and of character.

History passes along the highway with pageantry, with imposing mein, formal stride and orderly procession.

Branching off from this main historical thoroughfare run the by-roads, the quiet lanes, the wandering trails of personal detail, of minor incident, of spicy anecdote, of subordinate episode which shed vivid sidelights upon that stately narrative which travels by the high-road.

It may not be true that the course of Time turned upon the length of Cleopatra's nose, or upon the grain of sand in Cromwell's ureter, as Blaise Paschal surmises; but there can be no doubt that a very trivial word, or fact, has often the appearance of being a necessary link in the chain of decisive events.

The assassin who sprang upon the wheel of Henry the Fourth's carriage and thrust a dagger into a fatal spot, certainly changed the political situation of Europe; and it seems probable that the train of events which led up to the murder arose out of the fury of a woman scorned.

The German Empire of today is a mighty product of ambition, ruthless perseverance, and unscrupulous valor; but had not the sudden death of the great Catherine taken the Russian armies out of the field, Prussia would perhaps have been partitioned as Poland was afterwards.

There was a time when France was wavering between Catholicism and Protestantism; and the national faith of the nation hung upon the decision of one man. The woman who controlled Francis the First, at this crisis, fixed the destinies of France.

And whoever the woman was, she, in turn, was putty in the hands of a priest.

The Canadian empire was lost to France because Montcalm could not get supplies. And why could he not get the means of defense? Because the scarlet women of a libertine Bourbon King needed the money. There was not enough in the treasury for the soldiers and the courtiers, too; and therefore the courtiers, being on the ground, helped themselves, leaving the soliders to suffer privations and the lack of necessary munitions of war.

Edward Lacey, of South Carolina, rode eighty miles to warn the

Mountaineer horsemen of the South not to take the wrong road; had his horse fallen with him, as he galloped, the warning might not have been given, and the battle of King's Mountain not fought. Without that victory, Cornwallis would hardly have been forced to retreat upon Yorktown.

* * * * * * * *

But our purpose is not so much to show the influence of small events over large results as to emphasize their significance in revealing motive, giving insight into character, and modifying by personal detail the historical portraits of great men.

The George Washington of the battle-field, of the council of war, of the Cabinet, of the parlor and the public place is sufficiently familiar to most Americans; and a grand historical feature he is; but for my part I could not thoroughly understand him, or feel that he was human like the rest of us, if the Memoirs and biographies had not told us how he "cussed out" General Charles Lee on the field of Monmouth, swore at the prankish boy who was speeding his favorite horse, and broke the gun of the poacher whom he caught prowling in the Mt. Vernon marsh. Then when we find him laughing till he cried as the British officer sang that funny, naughty song, and hear him call for it to be sung over again, we warm up to him mightily,—he is behaving like a man and not like a demi-god.

Could we ever understand Henry Clay if we confined ourselves to historical and partisan biography? What do such books tell us of the *man?* Mighty little.

A "gentleman gambler" pretty much all of his life, a hard drinker for many years, profane and overbearing from first to last, yet warm-hearted, gallant, dashing, proud, fearless, and, with all, a very tricky, selfish, calculating politician who did his country a vast deal of harm.

Somebody asked Mrs. Clay if her husband's gambling did not worry and trouble her.

"Oh, no," she said, "he almost always wins."

To see Henry Clay in the Senate is to see personal dignity personified; go with him to a country dance and you will hear him call for a reel, and when the fiddlers do not happen to know the tune he will whistle it to them until they learn it.

Stanton in his "Random Recollections" tells this anecdote:

"In the stormy days of John Tyler, while Webster was Secretary of State, and Rufus Choate was in the Senate, and Congress was in extra session in the fall of 1841, the question of chartering a United States bank was shaking the country. Mr. Clay, as chairman of the Finance Committee in the Senate, was pressing the measure, and Tyler was resisting it. A conference of leading Whig Senators was held. Clay, with

lofty mein, was for waging relentless war on the accidental president, who had stepped into the White House over the dead body of General Harrison. Choate again and again told what Webster thought ought to be done. Clay was restive, and exclaimed, '*Who cares a d—n about what Webster thinks?*' "

Henry A. Wise in his "Seven Decades" gives a graphic description of the manner in which Clay took the news of his defeat for the Whig nomination in 1840.

"In the very hour of his defeat he was sitting in a room at Brown's Hotel, anxiously waiting to hear of his nomination. He made most singular exhibitions of himself in that moment of ardent expectancy.

"He was open and exceedingly profane in his denunciations of the intriguers against his nomination. We had taken two Whig friends of our district to see him; and after they had sat some time listening to him, in utter surprise at his remarks, full of the most impudent, coarse crimination of others, in words befitting only a bar-room in vulgar broil, of a sudden he stopped, and turning to the two gentlemen, who were dressed in black and both strangers to him, he said, 'But, gentlemen, for aught I know, from your cloth you may be parsons, and shocked at my words. Let us take a glass of wine.' And, rising from his seat, he walked to a well-loaded side-board, at which, evidently, he had been imbibing deeply before we entered.

"Thereupon we bowed and took leave. One of the gentlemen, after retiring, remarked, 'That man can never be my political idol again;' and from that time to this he has ceased to admire him. In a short time after that he (Mr. Clay) went across the Avenue to the parlor of his boarding-house, where he awaited the arrival of two of his personal friends, on the night of the nomination at Harrisburg, to bring him the news of the final proceedings and choice of the Whig Convention.

"We went to the depot and got the intelligence of the nomination of General Harrison and Mr. Tyler, and hastened back to him with the news. Such an exhibition we never witnessed before, and we pray never again to witness such an exhibition of passion, such a storm of desperation and curses. He rose from his chair, and, walking backwards and forwards rapidly, lifting his feet like a horse string-halted in both legs, stamped his steps upon the floor, exclaiming, 'My friends are not worth the powder and shot it would take to kill them!' He mentioned the names of several, invoking upon them the most horrid imprecations, and then, turning to us, approached rapidly, and stopping before us, with violent gesture and loud voice, said, 'If there were two Henry Clays, one of them would make the other President of the United States!' "

* * * * * * * *

In the "Memoirs of One Hundred Years," Dr. Edward Everett Hale

labors to remove the impression that Daniel Webster got drunk. In the innocence of his noble heart, Dr. Hale states that he saw much of Webster and that he never saw Webster drunk.

Alas! he did get drunk, nevertheless. And he had little idea of honor in financial matters; and it *was* disgraceful for him to pocket, annually, the pension contributed by those New England Capitalists whose interests he was furthering in Congress. The Senator who would now openly do such a thing would be ostracised. Senators still receive pay from the Special Interests which they slavishly serve, but the bribe does not, nowadays, take the form of a yearly pension:

Ben Perley Poore in his "Reminiscences" relates:

"An amusing account has been given of an after-dinner speech by Mr. Webster at a gathering of his political friends, when he had to be prompted by a friend who sat just behind him, and gave him successively phrases and topics. The speech proceeded somewhat after this fashion: Prompter: 'Tariff.' Webster: 'The tariff, gentlemen, is a subject requiring the profound attention of the statesman. American industry, gentlemen, must be—' (nods a little). Prompter: 'National Debt.' Webster: 'And, gentlemen, there's the national debt—it should be paid (loud cheers, which rouse the speaker); yes, gentlemen, it should be paid (cheers), and I'll be hanged if it shan't be—(taking out his pocket-book) —I'll pay it myself! How much is it?' This last question was asked of a gentleman near him with drunken seriousness, and, coupled with the recollection of the well-known impecuniosity of Webster's pocket-book, it excited roars of laughter, amidst which the orator sank into his seat and was soon asleep."

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Perhaps the vainest, most pompous of all our public men was Thomas H. Benton. His conceit was colossal. In fact it was so majestic and overpowering that, as one of his biographers says, it assumed the proportion of a national institution.

Our great and good President, Mr. Roosevelt, wrote a "Life" of Benton in 1866, too soon to make use of this delicious anecdote which Mrs. Clement C. Clay relates in her charming book, "A Belle of the Fifties," published by D. Appleton & Co., in 1905:

"A handsome man in ordinary attire, the great old author and statesman was yet a more striking figure when mounted. He rode with a stately dignity, quite unlike the pace indulged in by some other equestrians of that city and day; a day, it may be said in passing, when equestrianism was common. Mr. Benton's appearance and the slow gait of his horse impressed me as powerful and even majestic, and often (as I remarked to him at dinner one evening) there flashed through my mind, as I saw him, a remembrance of Byron's Moorish King as he rode be-

nignly through the streets of Granada. He seemed gratified at my comparison.

"'I'm glad you approve of my pace,' he said. 'I ride slowly because I do not wish to be confounded with post-boys and messengers sent in haste for the surgeon. They may gallop if they will, *but not Senators!*"

Oh, heavens! What would the Honorable Tom have thought of *a President* who rushes away from a Cabinet meeting to gallop, leap the bars, etc., while the camera man makes snapshots at the Presidential horsemanship?

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That brilliant, outrageous scold, John Randolph, of Roanoke, is always interesting, but much more so in the Memoirs than in the histories. Here is the way Ben Perley Poore describes him:

"He used to enter the Senate Chamber wearing a pair of silver spurs, carrying a heavy riding whip, and followed by a favorite hound, which crouched beneath his desk. He wrote, and occasionally spoke, in riding gloves, and it was his favorite gesture to point the long index finger of his right hand at his opponent as he hurled forth tropes and figures of speech at him. Every ten or fifteen minutes, while he occupied the floor, he would exclaim in a low tone, 'Tims, more porter!' and the assistant doorkeeper would hand him a foaming tumbler of potent malt liquor, which he would hurriedly drink, and then proceed with his remarks, often thus drinking three or four quarts in an afternoon. He was not choice in his selection of epithets, and as Mr. Calhoun took the ground that he did not have the power to call a Senator to order, the irate Virginian pronounced President Adams 'a traitor,' Daniel Webster 'a vile slanderer,' John Holmes 'a dangerous fool,' and Edward Livingston 'the most contemptible and degraded of beings, whom no man ought to touch, unless with a pair of tongs.' One day, while he was speaking with great freedom of abuse of Mr. Webster, then a member of the House, a Senator informed him in an undertone that Mrs. Webster was in the gallery. He had not the delicacy to desist, however, until he had fully emptied the vials of his wrath. Then he set upon Mr. Speaker Taylor, and after abusing him soundly he turned sarcastically to the gentleman who had informed him of Mrs. Webster's presence, and asked, 'Is Mrs. Taylor present also?'"

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Do you admire Charles Sumner? He was a great scholar, a great orator, and the histories do him full justice. If you would see into the nature of the *man*, you must dip into Col. Pond's book "The Eccentricities of Genius."

"Charles Sumner was an aristocrat. He was my father's ideal. After I had got back from Kansas, and visited my father's home in Wis-

consin, father said to me: 'James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to speak at R————. We must hear him.'

"So we arranged to go. We walked nine miles to hear him speak. My father never spoke of him without giving him his title. He had enjoyed that speech immensely. I do not know whether I did or not. Father occupied a front seat with the intention of rushing up to the platform and greeting him by the hand when he was finished, but the Honorable Charles was too quick for him. He disappeared, got his hotel, and nobody saw him.

"Father said: 'James, the Honorable Charles Sumner is going to Milwaukee tomorrow morning, and we can ride with him a part of the way.'

"We were on the train early the next morning, and so was the Honorable Charles Sumner. He was sitting reading in the drawing-room car.

"Father stepped up and said: 'The Honorable Charles Sumner? I have read all of your speeches. I feel it is the duty of every American to take you by the hand. This is my son. He has just returned from the Kansas conflict.'

Honorable Charles Sumner did not see father nor his son, but he saw the porter and said: 'Can you not get me a place where I will be undisturbed?'

"Poor father! His heart was almost broken. During his last twenty-five years he never referred to the Honorable Charles Sumner."

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In the enjoyment of Memoirs and Reminiscences you must not be lulled into the error of indiscriminate credulity. You must sort and sift and compare authorities, and thus out of much conflict of testimony arrive at a just conclusion. For example, take this story which we find in the Reminiscences of Ben Perley Poore:

"General Grant was very positive in demanding that all officers of the Confederate army should enjoy their liberty. Among those of them who had been imprisoned by order of the Secretary of War was General Clement C. Clay, an ex-United States Senator from Alabama. He was taken ill in prison with asthma, and his wife came to Washington to solicit his release. She went to President Johnson, and he gave her the necessary order, which she took to Secretary Stanton. Stanton read the order, and, looking her in the face, tore it up without a word and pitched it into his waste-basket. The lady arose and retired without speaking; nor did Stanton speak to her. She was filled with despair. She saw her husband, in whom her life was wrapped up, dying in prison, and she was unable to help him.

"Soon afterward she was advised to call on General Grant, who ascertained by consulting his roster of the Confederate army that her husband

was a Brigadier-General, then wrote an order directing his release, under the Appomattox parole, on giving the required bond, and added: 'I shall see that this order is carried out.' Having signed the order, he gave it to Mrs. Clay, who the next day presented it to the Secretary of War. Mr. Stanton read it, then touched his bell, and when an officer appeared, handed him the order, saying, 'Have that man discharged.' "

That *sounds* veracious, and the facts stated do faithfully illustrate the character of the persons concerned. But the story is not true. If you will read what Mrs. Clay herself says about it, in "A Belle of the Fifties," you will learn that the order of President Johnston was respected, and that she herself telegraphed the release to Fortress Monroe that night. General Clay was liberated even previous to the arrival of the formal order, and General Grant's powerful aid was not invoked at all. It is true that Stanton did urge the President to have Ex-President Davis and General Clay put to death, and he would not countersign the order of release; but he did not tear up the order.

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Does *history* tell you anything about the manner in which the great Marlborough stood behind the chair of the petty Prussian King, acting as menial, and protesting that the honor of doing so was too great for him? No; history is too dignified to notice trifles like that, and yet this adroit flattery had a mighty influence upon the course of events. The Prussian King was so captivated by the humility of the English General that he granted the Englishman's plea for *the use of Prussia's fine troops* in the war against France!

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Can you believe that the Duke of Wellington would be equally complacent to gain his point?

Read what Sir F. H. Doyle says in his "Reminiscenses:"

"I recollect hearing from my father an anecdote told him by the Duke himself, in his own characteristic language, one day when he was dining at the Apsley House. We learn from it, with what contemptuous indifference this great man pushed aside all considerations of personal dignity —false personal dignity, as he thought it—if they stood in the way of his duty to England. 'After the battle of Talavera,' he said, 'I wanted the Spanish force to make a movement, and called upon Cuesta to take the necessary steps, but he demurred. He said, by way of answer, 'For the honor of the Spanish crown I cannot attend to the directions of the British General, unless the British General go upon his knees and entreat me to follow his advice.' 'Now,' proceeded the Duke, 'I wanted the thing done, while as to going down upon my knees I did not care a twopenny damn, so down I plumped.' "

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You know all about Martin Luther, don't you? The histories are full of him and his great work, the Reformation.

But if you would know the mental state of Luther, and that of the leading men of his time, you should read his "Table Talk." One or two paragraphs will go far toward showing you the vast difference between the current beliefs among learned men of that day and ours.

"There was at Nieuburg a magician named Wildferer, who, one day, swallowed a countryman, with his horse and cart. A few hours afterwards, man, horse, and cart, were all found in a slough, some miles off. I heard, too, of a seeming monk, who asked a wagoner, that was taking some hay to market, how much he would charge to let him eat his fill of hay? The man said, a kreutzer, whereupon the monk set to work, and had nearly devoured the whole load, when the wagoner drove him off."

"August 25, 1538, the conversation fell upon witches who spoil milk, eggs, and butter in farmyards. Dr. Luther said: 'I should have compassion on these witches; I would burn all of them. We read in the old law, that the priests threw the first stone at such malefactors. 'Tis said this stolen butter turns rancid, and falls to the ground when anyone goes to eat it.'

"Dr. Luther discoursed at length concerning witchcraft and charms. He said that his mother had to undergo infinite annoyance from one of her neighbors, who was a witch, and whom she was fain to conciliate with all sorts of attentions; for this witch could throw a charm upon children, which made them cry themselves to death. A pastor having punished her for some knavery, she cast a spell upon him by means of some earth upon which he had walked, and which she bewitched. The poor man hereupon fell sick of a malady which no remedy could remove, and shortly afterward died."

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Of course you have read Boswell's Johnson, or Macaulay's famous Essay, but here is an anecdote which illustrates the learned Doctor and his times so perfectly that it is worth preservation. It is found in Rae's "Wilkes, Sheridan and Fox."

"The King's early aversion to Fox was intensified after the latter became the champion of Dissenters. In those days the intolerance of Churchmen towards their fellow-Protestants, who conscientiously differed from them in particular opinions, was alike extraordinary and discreditable. It was gloried in as a species of loyalty. The forms under which it appeared were innumerable. This is one witnessed by Lord Eldon during a visit to Oxford: "I had a walk in New Inn Hall garden, with Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen. Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his

neighbor's garden. The Doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmannerly and unneighborly. 'Sir,' said Sir Robert, 'my neighbor is a Dissenter.' 'Oh,' said the Doctor, 'if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away as hard as you can.' "

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Sometimes when you would like to study a really great speech,—you who see so many in print that are *not* great,—turn to Henry Grattan's speech on *Tithes*. Few English orations equal this and none surpass it in the perfect mastering of the subject. Grattan was gifted with a higher order of intellect, culture and oratory than any of the Irish tribunes, and in character he soared above them all. Unselfish, consecrated to his country, he was altogether a higher type than Curran and more heroic than O'Connell.

For many years he was prince of orators in the British Parliament, after having been the bright particular star of the Parliament of Ireland.

This much the histories will tell you; but if you would know how it all ended you must go down the lane of *Memoirs*.

The old statesman lingered upon the stage too long, and one night when he rose in his place and addressed "Mr. Speaker!" he rambled in his speech, grew tiresome, and lost the ear of the House. Members began to cough. In Parliament the tiresome orator is "coughed down."

As the coughing grew in volume, old Grattan stopped. His face fell and his voice changed. He said to the Speaker, "I believe, Sir, they are right," and sat down.

We find this touching incident in Crabbe Robinson's "Diary."

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Even though I love you, friend,—
And in my inmost heart I hold you dear,—
I do not hope that you may live in sunshine,
With no clouds to dim your sky, even this one year.
But I do wish with all my heart, dear one,
That He who wisely rules our lives may send
Just what you need, each day, that you may be
Better, and stronger, and happier, at the day's end.
And that through all your days His guiding hand
May lead you: and that Heaven's kindly light
May shed its beauteous beams upon your path,
And make the dark and dreary places bright.

Elizabeth W. F. Jackson.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD.

The political troubles of Portugal reached a climax on the first day of February, in the assassination of the King and the Crown Prince. While passing through the streets of Lisbon in an open carriage, they were suddenly fired upon by assassins, who appear to have acted upon a well-matured plan. Before the police or the guards could realize what was happening, King Carlos had been killed, the Crown Prince mortally wounded. Prince Manuel, who was also in the carriage, seems to have displayed the greatest courage, for it is stated that he drew his revolver and fired upon the assassins. By this time the police were firing indiscriminately, and several persons were killed and wounded.

The heroism of the Queen was quite remarkable. She made desperate efforts to save the Crown Prince and to protect her other boy, shielding them, as far as possible, with her own body.

The attack on the royal carriage was from the rear, and the fatal shot received by the King was in the back of the neck. Intense excitement followed the assassination, but the military have been able, thus far, to prevent any popular outbreak.

The greatest horror of the crime was expressed by all parties. The surviving Prince was proclaimed King of Portugal, under the title of Manuel the Second. He is a mere boy, and his government, of course, simply represents the will of a dominant faction of the nobility.

* * * *

Portugal has long been notorious as the one dark spot where superstition, religious fanaticism and political misrule had maintained *itself*, while the remainder of Europe was throwing off medievalism and progressing toward higher and better things. Portugal has been even more completely monk-ridden and priest-ridden and Pope-ridden than Spain itself. The government was rotten to the core. The common people were heavily over-taxed, and the money squandered upon a licentious court. Church and state were partners. As partners, they have plundered the people and divided the spoil. Just as in Spain and Italy, the common people have grown restless under the corrupt rule of the priest and the noble. Revolutionary sentiment has been growing stronger and stronger. Repressive measures were found necessary, and the troops were freely used to shoot down opposition. Nevertheless, the spirit of republicanism appears to have made rapid headway, and it is practically certain that the old order of things in Portugal will soon pass away. The crime committed on February first was the work, no doubt, of a few fanatical, but honest, reformers. The temporary effect of their horrible mistake will be a reaction in favor of the villainous government under which Portugal has so long groaned. It is practically certain, however, that in the long run the new spirit will be found to be irresistible, and that Portugal will have to do what other Catholic countries have found it necessary to do. There will be a separation of church and state, as in France and Italy, and there will come to be, in some form or other, a representation of the people of Portu-

gal in the making of its laws and the administration of its affairs.

* * * *

In Morocco there has been at least one considerable conflict between the native tribesmen and the French. The press dispatches indicate the slaughter of several thousand Moors, while the French lost less than a dozen men. This indicates the pitiable nature of these butcheries. The Moors are armed with swords, lances, and out-of-date fire-arms, while the French, of course, are equipped with the very best rifles, long-range cannon and machine guns of modern warfare.

Thus far Germany has shown no inclination to interfere with the progress of France in Africa. The true danger to the French is that a fanatical religious war may be gradually stirred up, and the Republic will be drawn into an interminable struggle which may prove to be a serious drain upon her resources. Doubtless she will finally win. She will do so at great cost, and when the time comes for a definite settlement of the Moroccan question, Germany may present her claims, and be in such a position of advantage over her exhausted neighbor, that France will have to yield to her great enemy a very large portion of the fruits of her own toil, valor and sacrifices.

* * * *

Our great fleet of battleships has been dining and dancing its way down the Atlantic coast, and, as we go to press, has cleared the Straits of Magellan and is preparing to dine and dance its way up the Pacific seaboard. This movement of our fighting ships from the Atlantic to the Pacific has interested European cabinets, and has given rise to all sorts of speculations. The press dispatches announce that Great Britain is going to station one of her strong squadrons at Esquimalt, where it will be in position to operate against us should war break out between the United States and Japan.

* * * *

In one of his speeches in Congress, Henry Clay exultantly referred to the fact that the United States was the most fortunate of all the nations of the earth, in that it possessed, within its own territories, every element of national greatness. In climate, in physical resources, in geographical position, it was a complete nation in itself. Therefore, it could always be sufficient unto itself. It need not, like Great Britain, depend upon distant possessions. It would never have to be fed nor clothed from abroad; all that it had to do was to live within its own borders, develop its own resources, and be complete in itself,—a grand, wealthy, happy, invincible nation. Mr. Clay congratulated himself and his countrymen that the ocean, with its thousands of miles of deep water, isolated us from Europe, and Asia, and Africa. We were a world to ourselves. Alas! how different is the view of our latter-day statesmen! We have deliberately given up our impregnable position of splendid isolation, have lengthened our frontier line by going thousands of miles into the Eastern seas to gobble up a few hundred wild islands. The possession of these islands throws us into the vortex of international politics, and we have enormously weakened our national position, by giving to ourselves an almost inaccessible frontier to defend. The immediate consequence of this unstatesmanlike national policy is an enormous increase in our yearly expenditures. The ultimate consequences, of course, will be the constant danger of being drawn into war with other nations concerning these miserable Philippines.

Our friend, Mr. Bryan, has made, as was but natural, many mistakes in his brilliant career, but he never made a more serious one for his country, than when he left camp at Tampa,

went to Washington City, and prevailed by his personal intercession upon Senator Clay, of Georgia, and a few others, to vote with the Republicans in ratifying the Treaty of Paris, which gave us title to our white elephant,—the Philippine Islands.

* * * *

The German Empire is seriously disturbed over the question of manhood suffrage. Strange as it may appear, a citizen of Prussia votes freely and upon the principle of manhood suffrage in national affairs. In Prussian affairs, however, a property qualification is required. This is a very peculiar situation. It is the same as though a citizen of the State of Georgia could vote in national elections upon the principle of manhood suffrage, but could not vote in the State election unless he were the owner of property to the amount fixed in the law. As we understand it, the citizens of Prussia simply demand that they shall have the same right of manhood suffrage in the government of Prussia itself, that they have in the government of the German Empire, of which Prussia is a part.

A Prussian citizen who is a qualified voter, to vote for members of the Imperial Reichstag, cannot vote for members of the Prussian Diet. This is pretty much the same as though a citizen of Georgia had the right to vote for members of Congress, but did not have the right to vote for members of the legislature of his own State. It is certain that no such illogical and con-

THE OBLIGING MR. CORTELYOU.

Who keeps Uncle Sam's store where the people's money is handled as a commodity and loaned to Bankers only without security or interest.

tradictory electoral system can long withstand the assaults which are now being made upon it. On the side of the Social Democrats who are demanding manhood suffrage in Prussia, there are reason and justice and the spirit of modern progress, and they are bound to win in the end.

* * * *

In the United States there are many indications that the financial panic of November, 1907, has been far more disastrous than the daily newspapers have been willing to admit. Just how many mercantile failures there have been it is impossible to state. They have been exceedingly numerous, but this is not the worst of it; many a business man who did not completely fail has been compelled to either curtail his business or close it up. Tens of thousands of workmen and workwomen have been thrown out of employment, and these unfortunate creatures have been left adrift in the great cities, where cold and hunger have slaughtered them without mercy. Parades of the unemployed have taken place in some of the large cities of the North and Northwest, and in other cities parades were attempted and were broken up by the police. There is what seems to be a general apprehension in these larger cities that the situation is so critical that if the indiscriminate collecting and marching of crowds should be permitted, a fierce class war of the poor against the rich would be the inevitable result. There is much reason to believe that this fear is well founded. Nothing is more certain, to my mind, than that *a change must come,* either from above or below. If such men as President Roosevelt and Mr. Bryan are foiled in their efforts to enforce remedial legislation from above, *no power on earth can prevent an upheaval from below.*

* * * *

Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, has long been the representative of Special Privilege in the United States Senate. Whatever corporation greed wanted from the Government, it has been Senator Aldrich's duty to obtain. In this he has always had an able and faithful lieutenant in the Democratic Senatorial leader, Arthur Pue Gorman, of Maryland. These two corrupt Senators, acting together, have been guilty of more crimes against the common people than any two men who have figured in our history since the Civil War.

During the last session it was Senator Aldrich who put through a bill which requires our Custom House receipts to be turned over to the national bankers. He now proposes that the national banks shall have the privilege of issuing emergency currency to the extent of five hundred million dollars, based upon bonds. Nowhere in his bill does he give the Government power to expand the currency, or to contract it. The Government will not be allowed to order the banks to issue additional currency, or to retire that which has already been issued. The Government will have no voice in the matter whatever. To the banks is left the option of expansion and contraction. To the banks will be entrusted the tremendous power of increasing the amount of money in circulation, and of decreasing it. In other words, the Aldrich bill proposes to subject the markets of eighty-five millions of people to *the terrible dangers and uncertainties of a fluctuating currency,* and it proposes to give to a few thousand national bankers the right to say when this fluctuation shall take place. It should be apparent to all that *a fluctuating currency means fluctuating prices.* With a currency that can be shrunken at any moment, we have a condition in which the market prices can be squeezed at any moment. With a currency system which can be inflated at any moment, we have a condition in which market prices can be advanced at any moment.

Washington, (D. C.) *Herald.*

The irresponsible power to increase or diminish the nation's supply of money to the extent of five hundred millions of dollars is one of the most dangerous powers ever delegated by a government to a few favored corporations. None but the banks will know when they intend to inflate; none but the banks will know when they intend to contract. Everyone should be able to see that a logical consequence of the issue of emergency currency will be rising prices, while the logical consequence of the retirement of the emergency currency means a drop in prices. Inasmuch as none but those on the inside will ever know beforehand when the banks are going to inflate, or going to contract, *the entire business world will be absolutely at the mercy of six or seven thousand national bankers.*

* * * *

What right has the capitalist who has invested his money in bonds to demand the right to monetize that form of wealth, and thus to draw interest upon it twice? The greater portion of the capital invested in bonds is in the East. To allow these Eastern bondholders to monetize their wealth is to discriminate in their favor against all other forms of wealth. The Western farmer, the Southern farmer, the Western owner of corn, wheat, hay, live stock, and the Southern owner of cotton, have just as much right, in equity and good conscience, to demand that they should be allowed to monetize their land values and pro-

duce values, as the Eastern bondholders have to monetize the wealth which they have put in bonds. The bonds, of course, pay dividends to the owners. When they are allowed to issue notes upon the bonds and to lend these out as money, *they will be drawing interest twice on the same investment.* From what standpoint of equity can such favoritism be defended?

* * * *

It is not only a sovereign prerogative of Government to furnish the country with all of the currency that it needs, but it is the solemn duty of the Government to do so. Instead of issuing notes upon bonds, (which at best represent only a part of the wealth of the country), why not have the Government issue its own notes, whose basis would be the credit of all the people as well as the wealth of the entire nation?

The Government is lending its credit to a few thousand national bankers to do business on. The national banker has no more right to the use of the credit of the Government in his private business than any other citizen has. To allow him the use of this national credit is a wrong to every other citizen. What the Government should do is to use the credit of all for the benefit of all, and that can only be done by a Government issue of *treasury notes, based on the credit of all, and circulating for the benefit of all.*

* * * *

Our national banking system represents encroachment and usurpation. The States themselves are not allowed to issue paper notes to circulate as money; therefore it is incredible that the States meant to authorize Congress to create private corporations which could exercise powers greater than those of the States. In the Constitutional Convention of 1887 *a proposition to give Congress the right to charter corporations was voted down.* The jealousy of the States was too great to invest Congress with such a dangerous privilege. Yet the Democratic party has aided the Republicans in maintaining this illegal and *unconstitutional system of national banks which is now exercising powers which the Constitution denies to the States themselves.* The historic position of the Democratic party is that Congress has no authority to charter a corporation; but since the Civil War, the party of Jackson and Benton has been Democratic in name, only; and,

"JUSTICE" IN SAN FRANCISCO!
—Morris in the Spokane *Spokesman Review*

"OH, VERY WELL, HAVE IT YOUR OWN WAY."
—Webster in the Chicago *Inter Ocean*

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE LAW.

therefore, we have the anomaly of six or seven thousand national banks constantly exercising a part of the sovereign powers of government, and towering far above the States in their control of the material conditions of the country.

* * * *

The true secret of the Aldrich bill, and the clamor for "elasticity" in our currency system, is this: The greedy national bankers wish to be able to avoid the dull season when there is little demand for money and not much interest to be made from borrowers. When a sudden demand for money springs up in Wall Street, or elsewhere, the favored few wish to be able to supply that demand themselves. Their object is to get high interest for their money. When the demand lessens, they wish to have the power to shrink the supply of money, in order that they may keep up the interest rate on the money that is left in existence. If they were not given the power to retire the five hundred million dollars (which they ask to be allowed to issue), the natural consequence would be that when the extraordinary demand for money passed away, interest rates would drop. This, of course, the bankers do not want to happen; hence they will increase the price of money by destroying a part of it, on the same principle that the Dutch in the Spice Islands formerly destroyed half of the pepper and spice in order that the price of the remaining half might be doubled.

* * * *

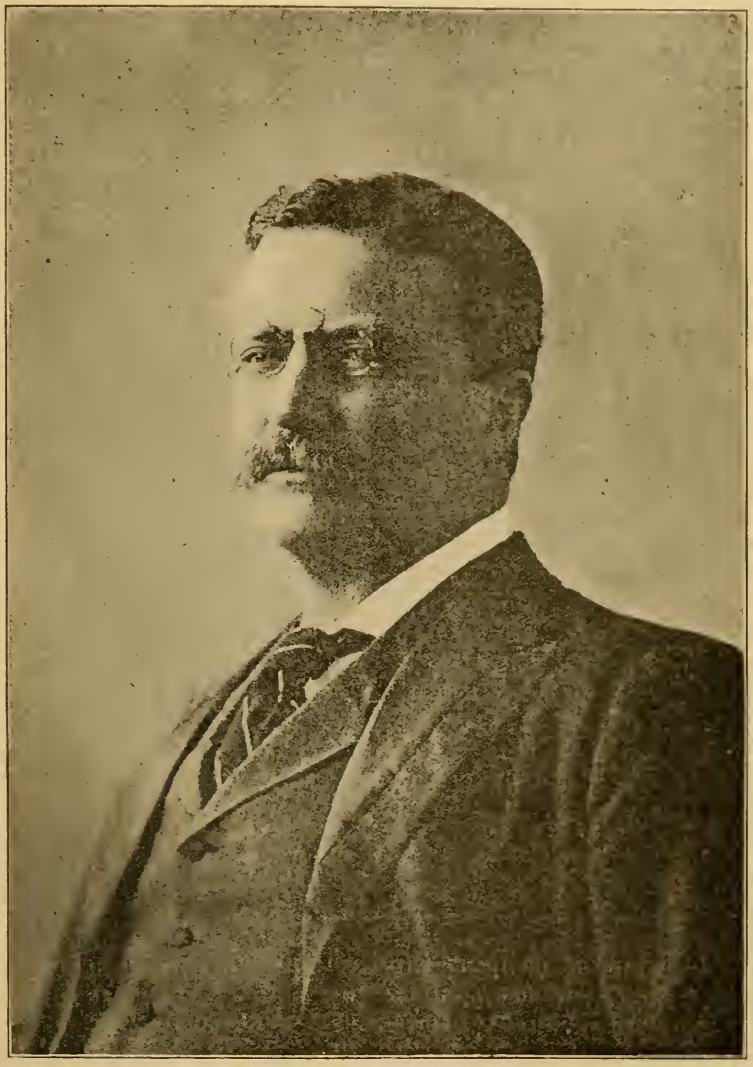
Consider how pitiable will be the condition of the Government when the Aldrich bill passes. It may believe that the country should be supplied with a greater volume of currency, yet the Government will not be able to add five cents to the circulating medium. It will have to await the pleasure of the bankers. Then again, after the banks shall have issued the emergency currency, the Government may think that it should be called in, yet it will have no power to retire a single dollar. The Government will have to await the pleasure of the banks. The markets of the country will go see-sawing up and down, as the bankers increase or decrease the currency. The Government will look on helplessly, unable to protect itself, or to protect the people to whom it owes protection.

The country certainly needs a larger volume of real money. The Government should supply it. This increase of currency should not be temporary, but should be permanent. Whatever increase is made should be left to remain in circulation. To have the supply fluctuating by a periodical increase and decrease is to make it certain that we shall have unsettled markets, recurrent lack of confidence, and an occasional panic.

* * * *

It is doubtful if any nation ever had a more vicious system of banking than ours has proven to be. Take, for instance, the facts given in the Comptroller's Report for 1907. We have 18,456 banking institutions. The aggregate capital of these banks is reported at more than three billions of dollars, yet every dollar of this sum and nearly one billion more appears to be invested in *property,* the title to which stands in the names of the banks. Notwithstanding the fact that they have invested in *property* nearly a billion dollars in excess of their entire capital, *they report their loans at seven and a half billions of dollars!* Such figures make the sober official reports of this Government look like pages taken from the Arabian Nights. Such a system of finance never existed before, since God made the world. The inquiry naturally occurs: If they have got every dollar of their capital invested in *property,* in their own names, *where on earth did they get the seven and a half billion dollars to lend out?* Some one

may say that they loaned out the deposits,—which aggregate eleven billion, seven hundred and forty millions; but when these figures are examined more closely, it is seen that *the eighteen thousand banks did not claim to have, in actual money, more than one billion, one hundred and six million dollars of actual money.* The huge sum of ten billion, six hundred and thirty-four million dollars of these so-called deposits consisted of what the banks had credited up on their books to those who had discounted paper with them, and who had not drawn on the full amount of the credit. In other words, out of the eleven billion, seven hundred and forty million dollars of so-called deposits, one-tenth of it was in money, and the



THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

remainder was bank credit, unavailable for any earthly purpose in time of need. Yet the banker, who had put *all* of his capital in property, was pocketing compound interest *on seven and a half billions of "Loans!"*

* * * *

With the beginning of February, President Roosevelt went to Congress with a Special Message, which has created a greater sensation, both at home and abroad, than any Presidential message of recent years. While the document was being read, it was cheered enthusiastically by Republicans and Democrats alike.

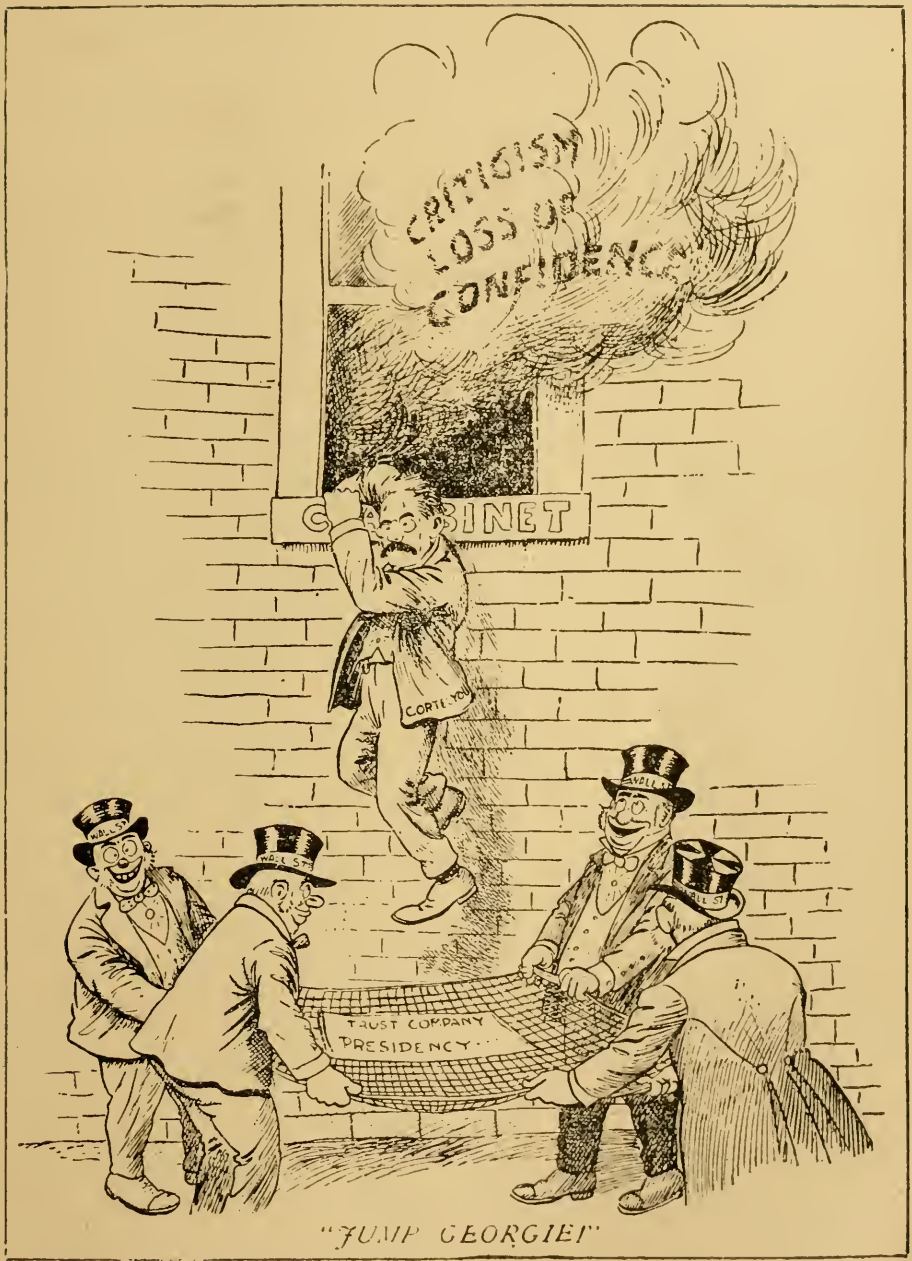
The main object of attack is predatory wealth, and the criminal methods of rich individuals and corporations. Singling out the Standard Oil Company and the Santa Fe Railway Company, the President says: "Certain wealthy men of this stamp, whose conduct should be abhorrent to every man of ordinarily decent conscience, and who commit the hideous wrong of teaching our young men that phenomenal business success must ordinarily be based on dishonesty, have, during the last few months, made it apparent that they have banded together to work for a reaction. Their endeavor is to overthrow and discredit all who honestly administer the law, to prevent any additional legislation which would check and restrain them, and to secure, if possible, a freedom from all restraint which will prevent every unscrupulous wrong-doer from doing what he wishes unchecked, provided he has enough money. The only way to counteract the movement in which these men are engaged is to make clear to the public just what they have done in the past, and just what they are seeking to accomplish in the present. The methods by which the Standard Oil people and those engaged in the other combinations of which I have spoken above, who have achieved great fortunes, can only be justified by the advocacy of a system of morality which would also justify every form of criminality on the part of a Labor Union, and every form of violence, corruption and fraud; of murder, of bribery, and ballot-box stuffing in politics."

This is the boldest and most sweeping arraignment ever made by any President against predatory wealth since Andrew Jackson published his Farewell Address. In this message to Congress, Mr. Roosevelt has brought against the Standard Oil Company substantially the same charges of fraud and crime that were brought against it in Henry D. Lloyd's great book, "Wealth and Commonwealth," —a book in which the systematic suffocation of competition, and the systematic commission of crime by the Standard Oil Company was shown up many years before Miss Ida Tarbell ever devoted her attention to the same subject.

* * * *

One effect of the President's Message is that it has left the Democratic leaders in a position of ludicrous embarrassment. As they see one slice of ground after another cut from under their feet, they naturally are dismayed at the thought that before Mr. Roosevelt quits, the Democratic party will be left with no radical ground to stand on at all.

Mr. Bryan has, perhaps, done the best thing, both from the standpoint of policy and of principle. He has frankly endorsed the President's attitude, not failing to remind the country once more that Mr. Roosevelt borrows his measures from the distinguished Nebraskan. Of course, we all know that Mr. Bryan himself has not originated anything, but that the principles which he says Mr. Roosevelt took from him, he himself had taken from the Populists. In fact, the position which Mr. Roosevelt has now taken on the labor question and on the question of corporate control, does not materially differ from the platform



"JUMP GEORGIE!"

upon which Gen. Benjamin Butler made his campaign for the Presidency in 1884.

* * * *

The decision of the Supreme Court, declaring unconstitutional the Erdman law, which forbids railroads or other carriers engaged in interstate commerce to discharge employees because of their membership in labor organizations, is creating a great deal of adverse comment; and Mr. Roosevelt, in his Special Message, has urged upon Congress the passage of another measure on the same line as the Erdman law, but free from the objections which the Supreme Court finds in that Act.

To us it seems that the decision is an outrage, and that the President is quite right in urging upon Congress and the States the necessity of doing something to protect the legal combinations of labor from the tyranny of the railroad corporations. To dismiss an employee for no other reason than that he has seen fit to become a member of a Labor Union, is just as abhorrent to any true conception of right as for a Labor Union to boycott a railroad because its President had joined a certain church. So long as the railroad employee does his work properly, according to contract, it is none of the business of the railroad what lawful organization he may or may not join. To say that he shall not keep his job unless he deprives himself of his right, as a free man, to join whatever lawful organization he may choose to join, is antagonistic to the first principles of individual liberty; and the Labor Unions will be backed by the public sentiment of the entire country in combating such despotism on the part of the corporations.

* * * *

In another direction the Labor Unions were dealt a severe blow by judicial decision. It is held by the highest court in the District of Columbia that a Labor Union must pay damages for boycotting a certain hat manufacturing establishment. In this case, most people will probably be inclined to sympathize with the hatters. Few people love a boycott. Reduced to its last analysis, it is the waging of private warfare to get revenge for a private grievance.

In a country of law and order, where the ballot is unrestricted and where the people get just the kind of government they vote for, nobody has any right to be settling questions with bombs, dynamite, or boycotts. Anyone who has a grievance can strike a bee-line for the courts; and organizations which have proven their ability to raise such large sums of money in defense of men like Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, have demonstrated that they are amply able to take care of themselves before courts and juries.

The boycott and the black-list are a pair of evil brethren; and, so far as we are concerned, we would like to see both the boycott and the black-list made penal offenses.

* * * *

The old, insolent taunt of the Trusts: *"What are you going to do about it?"* is getting its answer in Kentucky. Thomas F. Ryan and a few other of the maurading millionaires merged the various tobacco manufacturing companies into a Trust. The result was that the growers of tobacco had but one purchaser in the market; it became necessary for them to accept the price fixed by the Trust, or to get nothing. Under this dispensation, the price of leaf tobacco dropped to four cents per pound. This meant absolute ruin to tens of thousands of as good citizens as are to be found anywhere on earth. The Trust, with the usual arroganee and heartlessness with which we are familiar in such cases, made the most of its advantage: and, of course, pocketed enormous profits.

The tobacco growers organized themselves into a secret society for

THE CAT CAME BACK.

—Washington *Herald.*

self-preservation, and they inaugurated a relentless warfare against their oppressors. Beginning in December, 1905, the Night Riders have burned tobacco factories, have destroyed stores of tobacco belonging to the Trust, have fought skirmishes, burned towns and gained the ascendency in a territory much larger than that of Vermont. Incidentally, they have caused the price of tobacco to advance to nine cents per pound.

The newspaper Trust organs have endeavored to make the impression that these Night Riders are mere ruffians. The truth is, the Night Riders are the tobacco growers up in arms, as our Revolutionary forefathers were, against intolerable robbery under forms of law.

* * * *

On the 27th of January, last, there was buried in the English cemetery, at Florence, Italy, the authoress who was known to the reading world as Ouida. The lady had lived in retirement for many years, and had been reduced to extreme poverty. There is some doubt as to whether she did not actually perish of want. Her funeral was pitiful. Following her remains to the tomb were her faithful nurse and her twelve dogs,—these only.

The books of Ouida had a very large sale, and the American publishers must have coined money off their

pirated editions. While her works do not class with fiction of the first order, some of her novels are brilliant, powerful, fascinating and original. If we are any judge "Tricotrin," is a great novel, and "Pascarel" is another. "In a Winter City" is one of her pleasanter stories, and "Under Two Flags" the best known.

* * * *

John Skelton Williams, of Richmond, Va., organized the Seaboard Air Line Railway. When the system embraced 2,600 miles, J. Pierpont Morgan began to hunger after it. He set Tom Ryan to the task of taking it away from Williams. Under legal forms but in the most rascally way, Ryan got the road.

Then the stock watering began. New securities were issued, until the Seaboard was loaded down with a debt of nearly $50,000 per mile.

When it is remembered that the total capitalization of the Atlantic Coast Line is $28,000 per mile, and that of the Louisville & Nashville $39,000 per mile, and $49,000 for the Southern Railway, the magnitude of Ryan's crime against the dupes who bought the watered stock can be appreciated.

The gross earnings of the Seaboard were only $5,800 per mile, while those of the Atlantic Coast Line were $7,000, those of the L. & N. 10,000, and those of the Southern $7,500.

Of course the Seaboard could not stand up under its loads of watered stocks, and it went into the hands of a receiver. Ryan had squeezed his lemon, and now Williams and others can make the best of the situation.

* * * *

Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, addressing the National Council of the Congregational Church, made one of the most powerful arraignments of predatory wealth that we have yet read.

It is a wonderful coincidence that Dr. Gladden's warning to monopoly and crime delivered in October, 1907, should now be repeated so lustily from the White House.

Said Dr. Gladden:

"It is idle, it is fatuous, to hide from ourselves the fact that we are facing, here in the United States of America, a social crisis. The forces which are at work here—the forces whose operation I have been pointing out—mean destruction. The tendencies which have been gathering strength since the Civil War—the tendencies to the accumulation of power in the hands of a few; the tendencies to use this power predaciously; the tendencies to boundless luxury and extravagance; the tendencies to the separation and the antagonism of social classes—must be arrested and that speedily, or we shall soon be in chaos. A *social order* which makes possible the rise of a Harriman or a Rockefeller ***is a social order which cannot long endure.*** These swollen fortunes that many are gloating over are symptoms of disease; they are tumors, wens, goitres: the bigger they are the deadlier. They are not the reward of social service: they are the fruit of plunder. We have made them possible only by permitting the gate of opportunity to be made narrower and the burden of toil more unrequiting for millions of the poor. They exist only because by our acts we approve or by our indifference we consent to monumental injustice. A society which tolerates such conditions cannot live."

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON.

BY THOS. E. WATSON.

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In his ludicrous "History of the American People," Dr. Woodrow Wilson disposes of the Battle of New Orleans in one paragraph. The learned Doctor's work is in *five pretentious volumes*. Yet the most brilliant and astonishing triumph which "the American People" ever gained over a foreign foe, is squeezed into eleven lines! The learned Doctor had taken up so much of his space and energy glorifying New England riots and skirmishes that, by the time he reached January 8th, 1815, he was out of breath and elbow room.

One of these days, we shall have some broad-minded historian buckle down to the task of writing a real "Story of the American People:" and then such books as Dr. Wilson's will go to the trash-pile, where they belong. The history of this nation did not begin at Plymouth Rock, and does not consist solely of Puritan romance.

* * * * * * * *

The years 1813 and 1814 were doleful years. The Ship of State, storm-tossed and badly battered, had a weak pilot and a mutinous crew.

New England was feeding the enemy and defying the President. New England was debating seeession and a separate confederacy. New England was holding correspondence with Great Britain. Traitors on shore acted as spies for the British, giving them timely information of the sailing of our ships. To keep New England from disrupting the Union, as her Hartford Convention, her Josiah Quincy, her Pickering and her Cabot boldly threatened to do, Mr. Madison had been driven to open negotiations for peace, under circumstances which made it certain that we would have to accept humiliating conditions.

The war was hurting business in New England; and New England had demonstrated, very plainly, that she would rather go out of the Union than have her business hurt.

The Governor of Vermont ordered home the State militia which had been sent to the defense of New York; and when Congress began to consider the conduct of Vermont with a view to rebuking and punishing her Governor, the Massachusetts legislature made common cause with Vermont and declared her purpose of aiding Vermont in resisting the Federal Government. At the same time, Massachusetts openly defied the

central authority by releasing every Federal prisoner confined in her jails.

* * * * * * * *

Here and there, in "Histories" written by scholars of the East and North, much contempt for James Monroe finds expression. Well, we can't *all* be men of towering genius. No admirer of James Monroe has ever claimed that he was a Washington, or Webster, or Franklin, but it ill becomes any American historian to speak slightingly of this honest, true-hearted Virginian, who gave his whole life to the service of his country,—in war and in peace, at home and abroad—and who died poor.

Englishmen are proud of the inscription on the monument of the younger Pitt,—an inscription which tells the world, and will tell future ages, that the disinterested statesman who filled the highest office of the richest nation of the earth, *served long and died poor!*

Why may we not be, for the same reason, proud of James Monroe?

More especially when we remember the origin of the financial embarrassments which beclouded his old age, and drove him from his home in Virginia, to die in New York.

The story is one that does him everlasting credit, and it deserves a page in every history of our republic.

The national treasury was empty; the national credit was gone; the money-lenders refused to make a loan to the Government, save on one condition.

And that was that James Monroe would give his personal word of honor that the debt would be paid.

The patriot gave the pledge, got the money which was sorely needed to feed and equip our troops, *and thus kept the Government going.*

Why do Northern historians conceal such facts as this? And why do Southern men, like Woodrow Wilson, omit such memorable deeds of unselfish devotion to country, when they come to publish five-volume histories of "the American People?"

At the very moment when the Pickerings, Cabots and Quincys were threatening to break up the Union because the war *hurt business,* Monroe was pledging his private fortune to raise funds for the support of the Government.

In the same spirit spoke John Eager Howard, the old hero whose dash and daring had turned the tide of battle at the Cowpens.

The "business men" of Baltimore, quaking in their boots, and thinking of dollars, wanted to surrender the city to the British, who had just come from the burning of Washington.

Old Howard sprang up in the meeting and exclaimed: "I have as much property in Baltimore as any man here; I have five sons; rather

than surrender without a fight. I will let my property go up in flames, and see every one of my sons meet a soldier's death!"

Of such men as James Monroe and John Eager Howard, is the glory of a nation.

* * * * * * * *

After the return of General Jackson to Mobile, his conduct was extremely imprudent. Although warned by James Monroe, Secretary of War, that the British were massing their forces for an attack on New Orleans, he scattered his troops, and lingered two weeks at Mobile, when every possible man should have been making a forced march on New Orleans. Sending a thousand of his troops on an expedition against the Indians, he ordered two thousand to Baton Rouge, left twelve hundred in Mobile, *and despatched one regiment to the threatened city.*

It was not until the 2nd of December, 1814, he himself reached New Orleans, which he found totally unprepared for defence.

Very fortunately, the General had, from first to last, the benefit of the invaluable aid of Edward Livingston—a wise counsellor, an indefatigable co-worker, a man of resource, local influence, and the most ardent patriotist. This New Yorker was a tower of strength to Jackson during the trying weeks which followed, and to his ability and tireless energy the success of the defence was greatly indebted.

Mr. Livingston, whose wife was a social leader in New Orleans and a full-blooded French Creole, invited General Jackson to dinner on the day he was made Jackson's military secretary. Mrs. Livingston was entertaining a party of Creole young ladies, that day, and she remonstrated with her husband for having asked "that wild Indian fighter of Tennessee upon a dinner party of young ladies."

But the invitation had been sent and accepted, and in due time the wild Indian fighter rode up, dismounted, and entered the Livingston home.

We will give the remainder in Mr. Livingston's own language:

"The General appeared in the full-dress uniform of his rank—that of major-general in the regular army. This was a blue frock-coat with buff facings and gold lace, white waistcoat and close-fitting breeches, also of white cloth, with morocco boots reaching above the knees. To my astonishment this uniform was new, spotlessly clean, and fitted his tall, slender form perfectly. I had before seen him only in the somewhat worn and careless fatigue uniform he wore on duty at headquarters. I had to confess to myself that the new and perfectly fitting full-dress uniform made almost another man of him.

"I also observed that he had two sets of manners: One for the headquarters, where he dealt with men and the problems of war; the other for the drawing-room, where he met the gentler sex, and was bound by the

etiquette of fair society. But he was equally at home in either. When we reached the middle of the room all the ladies rose. I said: 'Madame and Mademoiselles, I have the honor to present Major-General Jackson, of the United States Army.'

"The General bowed to Madame, and then right and left to the young ladies about her. Madame advanced to meet him, took his hand and then presented him to the young ladies severally, name by name. Unfortunately, of the twelve or more young ladies present—all of whom happened to be French—not more than three could speak English; and as the General understood not a word of French—except, perhaps, *Sacre bleu*—general conversation was restricted.

"However, we at once sought the table, where we placed the General between Madame Livingston and Mademoiselle Choutard, an excellent English scholar, and with their assistance as interpreters, he kept up a lively all-round chat with the entire company. Of our wines he seemed to fancy most a fine old Madeira and remarked that he had not seen anything like it since Burr's dinner at Philadelphia in 1797, when he (Jackson) was a Senator. I well remember that occasion, having been then a member of Congress from New York and one of Burr's guests.

" 'So you have known Mr. Livingston a very long time,' exclaimed Mlle. Choutard.

" 'Oh, yes, Miss Choutard,' he replied, 'I had the honor to know Mr. Livingston probably before the world was blessed by your existence!'

"This was only one among a perfect fusillade of quick and apt compliments he bestowed with charming impartiality upon Madame Livingston and all her pretty guests.

"When the dinner was over he spent half an hour or so with me in my library; and then returned to the drawing-room to take leave of the ladies, as he still had much work before him at headquarters that night. During the whole occasion the ladies, who thought of nothing but the impending invasion, wanted to talk about it almost exclusively. But he gently parried the subject. The only thing he said about it that I can remember was to assure Madame that while 'possibly British soldiers might get near enough to see the church-spires that pointed to heaven from the sanctuaries of their religion, none should ever get even a glimpse of the inner sanctuaries of their homes.' I confess that I myself more than once marvelled at the unstudied elegance of his language, and even more at the apparently spontaneous promptings of his gallantry.

"When he was gone, the young ladies no longer restrained their enthusiasm. 'Is this your savage Indian-fighter?' they demanded, in a chorus of their own language. 'Is this your rough frontier General? Shame upon you, Mr. Livingston, to deceive us so! He is a veritable *preux chevalier!*' And I must confess that Madame was as voluble in

her reproaches as any of the young ladies. I was glad to escape in a few minutes, when I went to join the General at headquarters, where we were busy until near two a. m. with the preliminary work of the campaign."

* * * * * * * *

Ever since the 26th of November, a fleet of fifty sail, the finest ships of the British navy, had been making across from Negrill Bay, Jamaica, to the Gulf Coast. Had they not been detained by two weeks of head-winds, they would have anchored within striking distance of New Orleans before Jackson could have brought a thousand men together for defense. The new levies from Tennessee were not in hand; the Kentuckians were far away; and Jackson himself had sent the greater number of his own men beyond supporting distance.

Delayed by head-winds, it was not until December 5th that the British fleet was sighted off Pensacola. Some unknown patriot wrote to Commodore Patterson at New Orleans, telling him of the approach of the enemy, but even then General Coffee was not ordered in. Slow in covering the distance between Jamaica and the Gulf Coast, the British were equally slow in deciding what to do after they arrived. These precious delays brought General Carroll and his Tennesseeans nearer to the threatened city every day, and made it possible for the fine soldier and sterling patriot, General Adair, to bring to the field of battle the hurried levies from Kentucky.

On December 14th, the British, in overwhelming force, attacked the little squadron of gunboats which Lieutenant Ap Catesby Jones commanded on Lake Borgne. After a most gallant resistance, the Americans were killed or captured and their boats destroyed.

It was not until the news of this disaster reached him that Jackson quit dawdling and posturing, and got down to his work. It was almost too late. Had the British pushed right ahead, it would have been too late.

There was practically no force in the city at this time upon which Jackson could rely and the enemy could have gone to the Chef Mentour, or to the Villere plantation, and marched into New Orleans. Between the Villere house and the city, not an obstacle to the advance intervened. Carroll had not come; Adair had not come; and Coffee had not even been ordered to come!

But the guns on Lake Borgne roused Jackson, at last, and from that moment he was the Jackson of the Creek War. In all directions flew the orders that ought to have been issued two weeks earlier. General Coffee was ordered to make a forced march to New Orleans. The listless Creoles were told that every able-bodied man who did not appear with a gun in his hand, ready to fight for his home, would be treated as an enemy. The Legislature was asked to suspend the writ of *Habeas*

Corpus. When it dallied, Jackson put the city under martial law. The effect was electrical. The sleepy old town was galvanized into unheard-of activity. Rich men and poor men, native Americans and Americans of foreign descent, mechanics and cotton merchants—all were thrown promiscuously together, drilled, and made ready to fight. The women were ablaze with courageous enthusiasm. Their ready hands did a thousand useful things; their spirit was an inspiration to the men; and the roughly clad backwoodsmen who were to bear the brunt of the battle never forgot the kindnesses showered upon them by the noble women of New Orleans.

General Carroll arrived with the fresh brigade from Tennessee. LaFitte and his alleged pirates spurned the offers of the English and came to fight with the Americans. Creoles to the number of 1,000 were enrolled. Two hundred free negroes volunteered. And fifty or sixty Choctaws were on hand, under their noted Captain, Jugeat, to do valuable service and to contribute one-third to the entire losses in the final battle of January 8th, 1815.

It was not until the 18th and 19th of December, 1814, that any attempt to reconnoitre the American position was made by the enemy. Deciding to effect a landing at Bienvenue, instead of at Chef Mentour, the British advanced upon the Bienvenue road and were at the Villere plantation, six miles from New Orleans, before General Jackson knew anything of the movement. Major Villere was captured, and the British camped on his place,—had they marched straight on it is practically certain that they would have taken New Orleans.

Major Villere realized the supreme importance of notifying Jackson of the landing of the British, and, by desperate effort, he made his escape, reached the city, and made known its immediate peril.

Jackson rose to the occasion, and mastered the crisis. When Major Villere dashed into New Orleans with the tidings that the enemy had landed in force, and were only six miles away, the noon hour was past, and the easy going population were indoors, napping or eating.

Boom! Boom! It is the alarm gun! Thrillingly sounds the great bell of the cathedral—clang on clang, peal on peal—the drums beat the long roll; and the city springs to life as from an electric shock. *To arms! The enemy is at hand!*—and those who are to make the living rampart behind which the fair city shall be safe, rush to the Place of Arms,—the regulars, the Tennesseeans, the Creoles, LaFitte's pirates, the free negroes, and the Choctaw Indians. *To do what?* To march, *on the instant*, against the invader, and to fight him *that very night!*

To the full stature of a national hero, Andrew Jackson rises at a bound.—for the unhesitating resolution to advance and fight is nothing less than sublime. And it is the very wisest thing to do. His magnifi-

cent dash and bluff in making the night attack fills the British with the belief that he heavily outnumbers them, and to this false impression is due that delay which becomes the salvation of New Orleans.

The enemy had gone into camp for the night, fires were lit, the soldiers were taking things comfortably, with no thought of being attacked, when the American schooner, the Carolina, dropped down the Mississippi, anchored within range, and blazed away—to the utter amazement of the British. In the meantime, General Jackson had marched by the levee, and General Coffee by the Cypress swamp; and before the British could recover from the consternation and confusion caused by the Carolina's fire, the Americans were pouring in a deadly fire, right and left.

Had it not been for the darkness which caused the troops of Coffee to come into action before going far enough to take the enemy in flank, it is probable that this night attack of December 23rd would have resulted in a decisive victory for Jackson. As it was, the men lost their formation and the battle took on the appearance of a confused melee, in which squads fought squads, and individual soldiers "had it out" with guns, swords, knives and tomahawks. The British gave ground, but their reinforcements were coming up, and Jackson decided to call off his men before daylight should reveal his numerical weakness. He drew back about two miles, to the old Rodriguez Canal, behind which he took position.

From the cypress swamp to the river, was about a mile. To throw up an embankment along the old Canal, taking the soil from the bottom and one side of the trench and throwing this mud up on the other side of the trench—thus deepening and widening the ditch as the breastwork rose higher,—is the easy task to which some 2,000 negroes, impressed for the purpose, can be put. Behind the breastwork, the level ground stretches away to New Orleans; in front, it is level all the way to the British camp. The enemy must advance to the attack over the level ground of this narrow plain. The soil is so moist that water runs into a trench when one sinks it two feet. Consequently, the British cannot advance by parallels, zigzag, or other military methods laid down in the books. The British *believe* that the swamp is a morass; the river *is* a mile wide; to drive Jackson out of the path to New Orleans they *must* come up, in the open, and present their unshielded breasts to 4,000 of the best rifle shots in the world. These riflemen will be protected by substantial earthworks, and on the side up which the British must climb to get at the Americans, the ditch is so wide and deep, and the sloping embankment so steep and slippery that it would be a difficult task to reach the top, although nobody was there to shoot at the climber. As a matter of fact the water in the river is at this time so low that such a leader as George Rogers Clarke would have led his men through the swamp, out

of range of Jackson's rifles, and come upon his rear! But the British never even made the attempt!

Even a civilian can understand the advantage of Jackson's position. Inasmuch as the British finally dug a canal across the isthmus, got some boats on the river, and sent over a detachment of a thousand men, we cannot but marvel that the entire army did not pass to the other bank, and march upon New Orleans by that practically undefended route.

Staggered by the night attack, the English army lay in camp, while sailors from the fleet, with enormous toil and difficulty, dragged nine field pieces, two howitzers, and one mortar from the ships through the swamp to the Villere plantation. Then the Carolina was destroyed by red-hot shot, and the other American vessel, the Louisiana, compelled to go out of range.

By January 1, 1815, the British sailors had managed to bring thirty cannon through the bog to the camp, and Sir Edward Packenham, the Commander-in-Chief, opened a cannonade on the American line. To the amazement of the enemy, his gunners were no match for the Americans. After four hours, the English guns were silenced. Several of them were dismounted.

It was in this cannonade that each army discovered that it had made a mistake in the construction of its defensive works. The British had used hogsheads of sugar, upon the supposition that sugar would resist projectiles, as sand does. Of course, it did not.

General Jackson, on the other hand, had used bales of cotton. The cannon balls of the enemy knocked these out of place, and they were set on fire by the wadding of the American guns. Therefore, the bales had to be removed and carried to the rear, where the soldiers took them to pieces and used the lint for bedding.

APPENDIX

Letter from Colonel Edward Nichols to LaFitte, the Commander of the Barratarian Smugglers.

"I have arrived in the Floridas for the purpose of annoying the only enemy Great Britain has in the world, as France and England are now friends. I call on you, with your brave followers, to enter into the service of Great Britain, in which you shall have the rank of captain; lands will be given to you all in proportion to your respective ranks, on a peace taking place, and I invite you on the following terms. Your property shall be guaranteed to you, and your persons protected; in return for which I ask you to cease all hostilities against Spain, or the allies of Great Britain. Your ships and vessels to be placed under the orders of the commanding officer on this station, until the commander-in-chief's pleasure is known; but I guarantee their fair value at all events. I herewith inclose you a copy of my proclamation to the inhabi-

tants of Louisiana, which will, I trust, point out to you the honorable intentions of my Government. You may be a useful assistant to me, in forwarding them; therefore, if you determine, lose no time. The bearer of this, Captain M'Williams, will satisfy you on any other point you may be anxious to learn, as will Captain Lockyear, of the Sophia, who brings him to you. We have a powerful reinforcement on its way here, and I hope to cut out some other work for the Americans than oppressing the inhabitants of Louisiana. Be expeditious in your resolves, and rely on the verity of your very humble servant,

EDWARD NICHOLS.

Dated, probably, Sept. 3, 1814.

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Letter from Mr. LaFitte to Mr. Blanque.

BARATARIA, 4th September, 1814.

SIR: Though proscribed by my adopted country, I will never let slip any occasion of serving her, or of proving that she has never ceased to be dear to me. Of this you will here see a convincing proof. Yesterday, the 3rd of September, there appeared here, under a flag of truce, a boat coming from an English brig, at anchor about two leagues from the pass. Mr. Nicholas Lockyer, a British officer of high rank, delivered me the following papers, two directed to me, a proclamation, and the admiral's instructions to that officer, all herewith enclosed. You will see from their contents the advantages I might have derived from that kind of association. I may have evaded the payment of duties to the custom house, but I have never ceased to be a good citizen; and all the offence I have committed, I was forced to by certain vices in our laws. In short, sir, I make you the depository of the secret on which perhaps depends the tranquility of our country; please to make such use of it as your judgment may direct. I might expatiate on this proof of patriotism, but I let the fact speak for itself. I presume, however, to hope that such proceedings may obtain amelioration of the situation of my unhappy brother, with which I recommend him particularly to your influence. It is in the bosom of a just man, of a true American, endowed with all other qualities that are honoured in society, that I think I am depositing the interests of our common country, and what particularly concerns myself.

Our enemy have endeavored to work on me by a motive which few men would have resisted. They represented to me a brother in irons, a brother who is to me very dear, whose deliverer I might become, and I declined the proposal. Well persuaded of his innocence, I am free from apprehension as to the issue of a trial; but he is sick and not in a place where he can receive the assistance his state requires. I recommend him to you, in the name of humanity.

As to the flag of truce, I have done with regard to it, everything that prudence suggested to me at the time. I have asked fifteen days to determine, assigning such plausible pretexts, that I hope the term will be granted. I am waiting for the British officer's answer, and for yours to this. Be so good as to assist me with your judicious counsel in so weighty an affair.

I have the honor to salute you,

J. LAFITTE.

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Letter from LaFitte to his Excellency, W. C. C. Claiborne, Governor of Louisiana.

Sir: In the firm persuasion that the choice made of you to fill the office of first magistrate of this State, was dictated by the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and was conferred on merit, I confidently address you on an affair on which may depend the safety of this country.

I offer to you to restore to this State several citizens, who perhaps in your eyes have lost that sacred title. I offer you them, however, such as you could wish to find them, ready to exert their utmost efforts in defense of the country. This point of Louisiana, which I occupy, is of great importance in the present crisis. I tender my services to defend it; and the only reward I ask is that a stop be put to the proscription against me and my adherents, by an act of oblivion for all that has been done hitherto. I am the stray sheep, wishing to return to the sheepfold. If you were thoroughly acquainted with the nature of my offences, I should appear to you much less guilty, and still worthy to discharge the duties of a good citizen. I have never sailed under any flag but that of the republic of Carthagena, and my vessels are perfectly regular in that respect. If I could have brought my lawful prizes into the ports of this State, I should not have employed the illicit means that have caused me to be proscribed. I decline saying more on this subject, until I have the honour of your excellency's answer, which I am persuaded can be dictated only by wisdom. Should your answer not be favorable to my ardent desires, I declare to you that I will instantly leave the country, to avoid the imputation of having co-operated towards an invasion on this point, which cannot fail to take place, and to rest secure in the acquittal of my own conscience. I have the honour to be,

Your excellency's, etc.,

J. LaFitte.

HER TREASURE.

BY IDA GOLDING RIDDLE.

In the northwestern part of North Carolina, where the counties of Ashe, Alleghany and Wilkes join, the mountains rise in great pinnacles, sentineled to their sun-crowned crest with lofty pines and oaks. There was marvelous freshness in the gaudy brilliancy of their coloring. Long stretches of crimson maples, mingled with the soft russet of the chestnut pressing against walls of rock, with here and there a huge gray boulder projecting over cliffs covered with a dense growth of rhododendrons. The lower half of the mountains sloped gradually to Roaring River, a swift, broad stream that flows at their base. From a meadowy tongue of land, fringed with a tangled mass of yellow willows and box-elders, reaching midway the river and terminating in a cove, the mountains receded in grim wrinkles, leaving clearings surrounded by dense forest. In the second clearing above the cove stood a log cabin, old and weather-beaten; by the cabin door a wild honeysuckle grew, grasping at the storm-eaten crevices of the logs and embedding its roots in the mud daubing till it reached in profusion, the roof.

From the rafters hung bunches of herbs swaying to and fro with every breath of air, filling the room with medicinal fragrances. Hanging high above the chimney shelf, by cords of twisted red stocking yarn, was a wood cut of President Roosevelt and his family. It was the only picture that had ever adorned the walls, and had been given Mrs. Rutledge by a revenue officer during the last presidential campaign. A smouldering fire burned in the wide fireplace, where the white flint hawk-rock was never allowed to get cold.

It is a mythical tradition among the denizens of the mountains that if a white flint rock found in the bed of a stream flowing north, is kept wrapped in a warm bed of ashes and never allowed to get cold, it possessed a supernatural power over the hawks that infest the mountains, preventing them from carrying off chickens.

For forty years the present mistress of the cabin had guarded the rock zealously, substituting at long intervals, new ones.

Dinner had been prepared and the three-leg skillet, containing two pones of brown cornbread, bearing rows of broad finger prints, had been drawn back and the lid rested on the pothooks. A coffee pot was steaming on the tripod, while the succotash had been dished and placed ready on the table. On the broad rock hearth, in a little low split-bottom chair, sat the mistress of the home. On her lap lay a little bundle of flesh and blood, blinking its little brown eyes as its grandmother gave it its dinner of "catnip" tea thickened with a mixture of brown sugar and soot.

"He's doing fine," she said in answer to a query from his mother, who occupied a bed in the shed adjoining the "big room." "He's bigger now than Miss Black's baby at six weeks old, but she had a notion that soot would turn to lye and eat holes in its insides, so the soot had to be left out, and it cried with the colic night and day."

"What did ye say, Sarah? Yes,

they do say that the charcoal Bob Sythe burns in his blacksmith shop is better, but I niver could make it dissolve like the soot, and then it's a sight of trouble to sift it and git it fine enough. I've al'ers used soot fresh from the jam atter burning a good lot of yellow willow logs, and I niver knowed a baby to be pestered with the colic whar the right 'mount was used, and Miss Black's is the only young'ern in our neberhood that hain't had its share of soot."

"Law, Sarah, I wish his daddy was here to see him now, stretching out his little arms with his fist shet hard and tight as a mus'rat trap. Thank the Lord, Sarah, thank the Lord. I've waited twenty years thinking shorly if the Lord ever give me a gran'child he would make him savin', and now he's turning the ninth day, and they do say, if they keep the fist hard shet on the ninth day, they will all'ers be close and savin'. I could shout and praise the Lord, Sarah, when I think how I've waited fur him to come. I'm gwine to make a big man out of him, rich and fine. Did you say he would be making likker before he was twelve years old? No, I'll see to that. You don't know what I've got fur him. He's not gwine to do like his daddy and granddaddy, set and run a neighborhood still from morning till night and niver git nothing out of it. What with having to divide with the revenue men and being that free-hearted and openhanded that they feel the whole neighborhood is part of their family, they niver made a support fur nobody. It's my herb gathering that had to keep up the family, as you have heard me say before, Sarah. I was jest fifteen when I married Davey's daddie, and I've been right here ever since. Forty years I've climbed the mountains and dug herbs and kept the family till I'm most wore out. I've made medicine fur everybody whats been sick till they come fur me fur and nigh. And as fur babies, jest show me one whats been born in twenty-five years round here and I war'nt thar. I've all'ers been different from the Rutledges, different in body and mind. If I do say it what hadn't ought to, Davey took atter his daddy and his granddaddy. He's good-hearted and shiftless. I've all'ers been restless in my mind, all'ers wanted to git away from the mountains out in the low lands, whar the wind don't laugh and cry and moan all the winter long, and the owls axin' 'who, who, are you,' and the whip-poorwills a screechin' 'whip-poor-will.' No longer than last week, I told Miss Myers I'd niver name a boy of mine Will, niver, and have that flung in his face by them pesky birds. They make my flesh kreepy, and all'ers did."

"Now lis'en to that, ye wan' to know what I'm doing, do ye? Well, jest now I'm washing the nicest set of pink toes I ever seen and that's saying 'nuff. He got your foot, Sarah, and I shor' am glad. Yes, they do say that a high instep is a shor' sign th'll take an edication, and he's gwine to have an edication if his old grandmammy lives. I've all'ers wanted a edication and sich like. I can remember when I couldn't read the Bible, and the Methodists held a big meeting at Slick Rock meeting house, and the preacher come to me and says 'Sister, don't you want to go to heaven?' 'Not tonight,' says I. 'May the Lord have mercy on your sinf'l soul,' says he. 'Will you tell me what you do want, if you don't want to go to heaven?'" And I spoke right out before the whole congregation, they had all turned thar heads and was looking straight at me. And says I, "I want to larn to read the Bible and know som'in' 'bout h'ven more than you preachers tell me." Jim Biles sniggered and Deacon Riley's har ris up on his haid and he stood up, and says he, 'We will all unite in pray'r for Sister Rutledge and may the Lord

open her eyes and show her the broad road to hell whar a ev'lasting lake of fire and brimstone is waiting fur the sinner what won't accept the Word.' And then most of the neighborhood turned agin' me, fur they had all got 'ligion but me. And the wimmin turned up thar haids when we met at Jake Hines' store, and thar men was scared to pass a civil word with me for fear they'd be branded with a rolling pin when they got home, and it got to be lonesome settin' here day a'ter day and nobody drapping in to ax 'bout the craps and sich like and not a cornshucking or a quilting was I axed to and I wanted to move, and I beg'd and beseeched Davey's daddy fur three long years to move, but he was one of them kind what niver moves till they are carried out feet fo'most. Then I heard as how a new preacher was staying at the gap fur his health, and I hitched up the mar' and driv' over and I told him as how I had sinned before the whole congregation and the neighborhood had sot down on me, and he said, 'You have not sinned at heart, thar is none of us that wants to die, we would all put it off if we could. That is what I am here fur now, trying to put it off,' says he, 'by living in God's beautiful out-door world as much as possible, and breathing the pure mountain a'r, and it is a noble and inspiring thing fur ye to want to read the Bible, and I'll teach ye,' says he, 'and others if they will come, and ye must overcome thar prejudice,' says he, smiling like a saint from h'ven."

"How," says I, "when they won't 'sociate with me?"

"By good deeds," says he; "when they turn thar haids, make as if ye don't see 'em, and when they are sick and in trouble, go to 'em and help 'em. Your punishment should not come from thar hand, fur they are sinners also. If they p'sessed the right Christian spirit, they would show you the way by thar example."

"And I war his first se'lor, but the school growed and he taught 'em what thought they was saints how thar hearts was full of sin and hate and how much better it war to be 'onest than to be a hypocrit; that's what he done, and when he read to us about King Solomon's temple, he said he didn't doubt but what these mountains war full of gold and silver and precious stones. And I axed him 'bout prec'ous stones and he showed me a ring he said war his mother's, and he said the white stone war a di'mond and the red ones rubies and that emeralds war green and amethysts purple and that diamonds would cut glass even in the rough. That's what he said and it put me to thinking."

"What did you say, Sarah? Yes, he's 'sleep, and I'll tuck him in his crib and blow fur Davey to come to dinner."

Turning from the crib, she was astonished to see a man standing in the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Dean, we warn't looking fur ye today, but come right in, y'er welcome, and I'll blow fur Davey right 'way."

She pushed the crib back and took down a long tin horn.

"Dave's coming, I'm from the still-house, and Dave lowed as how his wife warn't well and I had better come on ahead and break the news to you. Dave'll have to go to Wilkesboro with us this evening."

"To Wilkesboro! to Wilkesboro!! The Lord have merey, Mr. Dean, you han't handcuffed my boy, have ye?" as Dave stepped forward his arms extended awkwardly showing the handcuffs to full advantage. His torn straw hat pulled close over his eyes while the lower half of his broad face twitched nervously. Another officer stood by him.

Startled by her mother-in-law's cry of horror and dismay, Dave's wife had sprung to the shed door and stood staring with wild dilated eyes for a

moment, then as her head bent towards them, she fell with a dull thud, unconscious.

Dave sprang forward, but his mother was quicker.

"Dead," she moaned, "ye've killed her. What with 'er weak heart and the baby jest turning nine days. Take the things off 'er Davey's hands, take 'em off, I tell you, till he can put her on the bed; she shan't die on the floor, she shan't. No, you 'erns shan't tech her, take 'em off, take 'em off. Who ever hearn of a Rutledge running."

The officer fumbled at the handcuffs. "I'll risk it," he said, as he threw them on a chair and pulled a flask of brandy from his pocket.

"Prize her mouth open, Dave, and give her some."

But his mother's vigorous rubbing had already brought on a reaction, and as Dave lifted his wife, she threw her thin, white arms around his big rough neck.

"Tell me they han't handcuffed ye, Davey, they han't have they?"

"No, I han't handcuffed now, honey."

"Put her on the bed and stay by her, Davey, till I can speak my mind to 'em." His mother rose from her knees and confronted the men whose former visits had always been pleasantly received.

"Mr. Dean, you and Mr. Rant can seat yourselves, fur Davey won't run, and I must know what ye mean by this treatment of yer friends; han't he all 'ers been jest with ye, han't he all 'ers give ye more 'en yer part of every drap of likker he's made?"

"Its not that, its not that, now Miss Rutledge; you quiet yourself and let us explain ourselves; you are a mighty sensible woman, as everybody knows whats ever met you, and me and Mr. Rant will make it clear to you that Dave ought to go to Wilkesboro with us this evening."

Dean moved a chair near her and offered another to Rant.

"Could you let us have a little sugar? That was a powerful fright Dave's wife give we all, and we'll take a little toddy and then we will proceed to business."

As he spoke, Rant again pulled his flask from his pocket.

"Thank you, Miss Rutledge, thank you. I felt a little shakey, as well as Mr. Rant, and I'm rail glad he thought to fill his flask as soon as we got to the still house. Thar's nothing that I've ever found will steady a fellow's nerves any quicker than a good drink of Dave's old Peach Brandy," said Dean.

"Without it's another drink," laughed Rant, as he again extended his hand for the tin cup.

Dean wiped his mouth on his coat sleeve. "You tell her, Mr. Rant, you can kiver the ground quicker 'en me."

"Well I don't know 'bout that, Mr. Dean, but I'll tell Miss Rutledge all the same that the Government got onto the doings up here, and they are putting all the revenue men in jail."

"Putting the revenue men in jail! Why, han't they a part of the Government? Shol'y, Mr. Rant, it can't be so."

"It's hard to believe, I know, Miss Rutledge, but they have had two men from Washington in these parts all the summer, only they have been nigher Wilkesboro. White and Bain are in jail now in Greensboro, and mor'n 'at the trial's gwine on now, and we got to look out for number one; we got to bust up a still or two and we got to make some arrest, or we can't stand in with the Government much longer.

"Will it do you any good to arrest Davey when he's been making likker fur ye? When he tells 'em he's been making likker fur ye, what will Rosevelt say?" She stood in front of them, her fore finger pointing threateningly. "What will Rosevelt say?"

and her eyes turned to the wood cut over the shelf.

"Rosevelt don't have no say in it; jest think of it now, if them secret service detectives from Washington whats been 'round Wilkesboro was to come up this fur, Dave would take 'em to the still house. And I tell you the District Attorney is something awful."

He reached over and took the tobacco from Dean's hand. "It han't no use to talk, Miss Rutledge, we jest got to stand in fur a short time with the Government, fur as Mr. Rant jest told you, the District Attorney will have his secret service detectives on our track next. It's only fur a short time, and as soon as they are gone and Dave gits back we will git him another still and he can run on jest the same. We won't make no bad charges 'gainst Dave."

"If ye are speaking the truth, Mr. Dean, ye and Mr. Rant, and they was truly secret service detectives, how did ye find out they was here?"

"We didn't know it till the train got in from Greensboro last night and John Millbury got back, and he come and told us. He said they was on the stand testifying ag'inst ever'body in these parts and mighty nigh ever' man we met coming up here today has been summoned as a witness. If you must know the truth, Miss Rutledge, we set up mighty nigh all night trying to think some scheme, and we fell on this plan. We mean to tote fa'r, for the still belongs to Mr. Rant and me. We furnished the money to pay fur it, and we 've cut it up. Dave will jest have to stay in jail a few months and they'll be gone, and we will git him out if he will lay low and keep his mouth shet."

"That's what we been trying to make him understand fur more 'en two hours," put in Rant.

"And what did ye handcuff him fur? han't he all'ers been your friend?" there was a strange light in the old brown eyes.

Dean shifted his chair before answering her.

"We want him to be our friend now; we want him to stand in with us, and you too."

"Stand in with you and him handcuffed?"

"We didn't intend to handcuff him, didn't want to handcuff him till jest before we got to Wilkesboro, but he started to run before we could make him understand our little scheme."

"Miss Rutledge, it seems to me that you and Dave are both might' hard to understand, and we will jest tell you a little more and then we've got to start. Flagburn, you know Flagburn; you know he is a revenue man, and they took him and Smithfield to Greensboro jail yesterday. John Millbury saw 'em and we heard by telephone this morning before we left that Grubs and Strattle, two as fine officers as ever backed a sheep skin, was 'rested last night, and we didn't know but what our time would come next, and as I told you we thought out this plan last night."

As he finished speaking, Rant again turned to his flask for comfort. Mrs. Rutledge's eyes had been growing brighter, she was beginning to understand at last.

"Ye handcuffed the man what made likker fur ye, fur years. When his Daddy's still gin out ye bought another and persuaded him to run it ag'in my will, when you knowed I wanted to move, to git out on the low lands away from the everlasting hills and likker, and now to save your own necks ye come here and cut up the still and ye want to take my boy and put him in jail and make as how you found a still and made a raid, is that hit?"

"That's hit, you summed hit up like a lawyer," answered Rant.

"And you think Davey won't tell, and even if he does, his word won't be took?"

"No, hit won't be took not agin

us. When we take in the still, or as much as Dave's team can pull, that will settle hit, so fur as he is concerned."

As he concluded, Dean walked to the door.

"Mr. Dean," she pleaded, and her voice betrayed the great mental strain through which she was passing. "Mr. Dean, now let us go, and you and Mr. Rant can move the still later, only let us keep the team and go; and we will give you every drap of likker and I'll deed ye the land."

Rant laughed brutally, as he threw his feet in the chair Dean had vacated.

"Now, Miss Rutledge, don't begin to act the fool, but pass us that cup agin and a little more sugar. Here's the bottle, pass it to Mr. Dean fust. This is a trying ordeal we are having. After me and Mr. Dean has stood by you and Dave fur years."

Taking the cup Rant extended, she looked at him squarely.

"Do ye think that if ye put Davey in jail ye can keep your jobs?"

"Of course we do. That dam'd District Attorney that stirred up all this trouble an't so smart but what he can be fooled."

The peach brandy was beginning to make Rant even more brutal than his nature. She stood, holding the cup bottom upwards, letting the dregs of sugar and brandy drop on the spotless floor. Suddenly with a long drawn wail she threw herself in a chair and wound her apron over her thin, gray hair, while great sobs as if rung from a breaking heart shook her small frame, made tough and sinewed by years of mountain climbing. The baby at last stirred as if about to wake. Taking a corner of her apron, she carefully wiped her eyes, then smoothed her hair till it fell in faultless waves about her temples. (Rant and Dean were now discussing how they should best load the still). Stepping to the crib she lifted the baby and held his little downy pink cheek against her withered face, lovingly caressing him. Suddenly her hands began to tremble, and her face became deathly pale. The acuteness of her trouble had dulled for a short time her ears, but now she was more quiet. Their words were falling distinctly, but with a rasping sound on her brain. Placing the baby in his soft bed of fresh geese feathers, she turned and confronted them.

"You sho'ly won't take the team and the wagon. It warn't even paid fur out of Davey's part of the likker, and it's the best team anywhar in these parts."

"We will report the likker poured out, but we will jest leave it whar it is till Dave gits back," said Rant, ignoring her. "That's right, that's right, too much likker to begin to stir it now," said Dean, as he walked to the door.

"Did you hear what I said, Dave, about the likker? Whar do you keep your corn and oats, Dave? I want to feed the team. It's a long, rough pull from here to Wilkesboro. Did you hear, I want to feed the team."

Rant laid his hand on a chair and made an unsuccessful attempt to rise. Mrs. Rutledge walked to the door and touched Dean's arm.

"Mr. Dean, I want to have my say, before you feed the team and hitch up. Come and set by Mr. Rant. I want to talk to ye both at the same time."

"Well, you will have to say your say, then, damn quick," mumbled Rant.

"Is thar nothing I can say will turn ye? Ye've both wives and babies; have ye thought of Davey's wife? She all'ers was puny; think of the baby in the crib. I know Davey's all'ers been good nat'rd and easy, but he is my boy. Think of being here all the winter, and him gone, and the team gone, and the snow banked knee deep and nobody but me and a weakly woman and a baby on my hands to take keer of."

"Ring off, ring off, and fix us some

dinner." She did not heed Rant's interruption.

"If the offer I've made ye han't 'ceptable, I've got another to make ye. I've gold and precious stones, a lot of it as Davey nor nobody knows anything 'bout, and I'll give ye ever' bit."

"Fool's gold," laughed Dean.

"No hit an't fool's gold, fur some of hits lumps and ye can beat hit out flat like lead."

"Let us see hit, you are getting interesting."

"No, Mr. Rant, I'll not let you see hit till ye give hit to me in writin' that Davey shan't go to Wilkesboro nor to jail. and ye mus' state as 'ow ye bought the still and pers'aded him 'gin my will and a'vice."

"Show the gold," Rant spoke impatiently.

"Fix up the writin', Mr. Rant."

"Whar did you git any gold, Miss Rutledge?" Dean touched Rant's foot with the toe of his shoe as he reiterated his question.

"Whar but in the mountains?"

"In the mountains; oh, shet up. You are a smart one; you think me and Mr. Dean are fools enough to give you sich a paper, then we would be in a damn mess. What with your book larning and your gold there is no telling what you would do." Rant laughed as if much amused. "Prospectin', prospectin', Mr. Dean. That's the best thing I've hearn yit. She's been prospectin'."

A strange, hard look came over her face. "No, I come by hit 'onest."

"Well, damn hit, tell us how did you git hit."

"I was on the mountain gathering herbs and thar had been a awful storm and a pine tree more 'en four feet through had blowed up and fell down the mountain, and as I started 'round the hole in the ground whar hit had stood, I saw lumps gleaming in the morning sun, and I stepped over and picked up a handful and says I, 'this is gold sich as King Solomon's temple war made outer,' and hits my gold, the land's mine, the land nobody would buy fur they said hit war too steep fur anything but a rattler to live on."

Dean sprang to his feet. "Do you hear, Rant? She's found Capt. Kidd's lost treasure. I'll be dam'd if she ha'nt."

"What did you do with hit; stop your jaw and tell us quick."

"What did I do with hit? I fotch hit home and thar war two furns of hit; and Davy war at the still house, and hit war two year arter his daddy's death, and I said Davey han't got no book larning, and he's shiftless and soft-hearted, and I'll save hit till the Lord gives me a gran' chile what's studdy and smart, and I'll make him a—"

"Did you git hit all?" interrupted Dean.

"Yes, I got hit all, and I've got more. I've found di'monds and all sorts of prec'ous stones in these mount'ns. Han't I lived in 'em summer en winter, spring en fall, fur forty year, gatherin' herbs?"

Rant was now thoroughly aroused and interested. his stupor gone.

"Well, we are going to take Dave to Wilkesboro, but we'll take the gold too. Hit may be useful in getting Dave back soon."

"Give us some dinner quick, Miss Rutledge, and then git the gold," put in Dean.

"No, you must git the gold now; you raised my cur'osty, I want to see what you've got before I eat," said Rant.

"Will ye draw up the papers?" Her terrible excitement was dying out.

"No. I be dam'd if I do, but you will git the gold."

"I won't," she said, as she drew her straight figure to its full height. "Ye are tra'tors to your friend and the Government, but ye can't make me git the gold."

"Kiver Dave, Mr. Dean," said Rant, as a noise of someone moving in the shed was heard. Drawing his pistol and pointing it at her head,—"Git it and be damn quick 'bout it, I tell you."

Not a muscle quivered as she picked up the long iron poker and began prizing up the big rocks that formed the hearth. At last there was a space, then a twist of the poker and she moved one back on the others. Laying down the poker she piled the sand on the rocks. Then she pulled out a bag made of blue and white striped bed ticking, and then another, and another. Once the baby stirred in the cradle and she dropped a bag, but she picked it up and laid it on the other.

"Thar they are, she said, ten of 'em."

"Empty one in the dish pan," said Rant.

She did, and brought the pan and held it immediately in front of him.

"That'll do." he said, and his voice assumed a kindly tone.

"Now, Miss Rutledge, we all'ers been good friends, and we all'ers mean to be, but we'll have to take Davey to Wilkesboro, and we'll take the gold and have it changed to money and we'll bring Davey back rich, and you can move whar you please. Fix up some dinner. I'll jest draw the wad from Dave's old flint lock and we'll eat. Let Dave come out and eat with us, Mr. Dean."

She picked up bag after bag and laid them round the dishpan, then she put the rock in place and moved the tripod nearer the fire. "Would ye like some ham and eggs?" she said in a steady voice.

"Yes, we'll take ham and eggs," said Dean; his eyes were bright and glistening. He got up and stood over the pan. "Which bag is the diamonds and other things you found in?" he said.

"The one sow'd with a red thread," she answered.

Rant got up and leaned over the table. "Wait, I'll rip hit with my knife." Holding his pistol in one hand and opening his knife with his teeth, he cut the stitches. Dean emptied the sparkling mass of uncut diamonds, rubies, amethysts, emeralds, sapphires, hiddenites with every shade of beryls and quartz crystals, predominating over the golden nuggets lying in the dish pan.

"By hell!" exclaimed Dean. "this beats all the revenue jobs old Sam's got. Lord, if hit an't a layout. Let 'em go, Rant, let 'em go, and by hell we'll never need another damn job."

Rant breathed heavily, while the perspiration exuded through the pores and collected in great beady drops over his face.

"No, by hell, we won't let 'em go. Its clearer to me now than ever Dave ought to be in jail. Jail birds talk han't nuver took. Let um go, you are a damn fool. Can't you see how she would work her game? She'd rouse the whole neighborhood wailing about her lost tres'ur, before we got out o' sight. No, by hell, they shan't go. We would be drapped by Dave's old flint lock before we got to the river, if she had to fire on us herself. Miss Rutledge," he called excitedly, "hurry with the dinner, I must sober up." He sank into a chair by the table.

Mrs. Rutledge opened the coffee pot and looked in. "Hit's biled down," she murmured to herself. "I'll make a little more." She went to the cupboard. Opening the lower door, she pulled the cork from a bottle without moving it, then filling a cup half full of ground coffee she tilted the bottle, till the contents spilled over the grounds; then she poured it in the coffee pot, stirring vigorously.

"Would ye like some coffee lace?" she said in her natural voice.

"Yes, we han't had none since we war here last spring. Make us some coffee lace, but hurry if you know how," said Dean; "if Mr. Rant could

eat he would be sober as a judge in twenty minutes."

"Would ye like your coffee lace strong?" she said, when their dinner was ready and on the table.

"You pour the coffee and we'll put in the brandy," Dean answered.

They lingered long over their dinner. At length Dean dropped his knife and fork by his plate.

"How will we take the gold, Mr. Rant?"

"Damn the gold, damn the gold; you watch 'em," said Rant, throwing his arm heavily on the table and laying his head on it.

"Too much coffee lace, after what he took at the stillhouse," laughed Dean, as he reached for a bag of the gold; as he pulled it to him, he knocked one of the bags off of the table and it fell heavily to the floor.

"I'll git hit, I'll git hit," he said, and as he leaned over, tilting his chair, he fell to the floor.

Dave sat by the shed door, his big body almost bent double. His good-natured, but weak face framed in his hands. For thirty minutes his mother stood on the hearth motionless, her face white and drawn.

"They han't dead, ar' they?" Dave said, at last.

"No, they han't dead, the Lord don't want 'em and the devil wouldn't have 'em. I han't no murderess, and niver will be, but I've fixed 'em till mornin'."

She picked up the handcuffs. "Come here, Dave, and put these things on Mr. Rant; ye've had 'em on, and ye oughter know how they work. Now lay thar pist'ils on the shelf and feel in Mr. Dean's pocket and see if he got a pair, and put 'em on him and roll 'em back to the shed. But, fust bring Sarah out and put her in my bed." Straightening the patch work quilt with gentle tenderness and propping Sarah up in bed, she brought her dinner.

"Sarah, ye must eat, honey, fur ye'll need all the strength they've scared out of ye, before mornin'."

As the evening twilight began to deepen into dusk, Dave come to the door dressed in his Sunday best, a flaming red tie trailing from his collar.

"What about ther cow and pigs," he said to his mother.

"Tie ther cow to the back of the wagin and turn the pigs out. They can use their snouts and root fur a livin'."

As the soft autumn moon rose above the mountain peaks, Mrs. Rutledge crawled upon the wagon piled high with household goods, and took her place by Sarah, who had been made comfortable on her bed. Sitting on her treasure, her grandson held tightly to her breast, she looked triumphantly at the mountains that had given her of their vast treasures.

"I all'ers' wanted to move, and now I'm movin."

"Whar ar' ye gwin?" asked Dave, as he shook the lines over the sleek and glossy backs of his beautiful team.

"Take the road over the mountains to the Virginia side. I'm gwine straight to Washin'ton and Rosevelt."

ANN BOYD

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

Chapter XXXIII.

THE following morning, after spending a restless, troublous night in reflecting over the protestations and threats of Langdon Chester, Virginia went frequently to the rear door of the house and looked out towards Ann Boyd's domicile in the hope of seeing her new friend. It was a cool, bleak day. The skies were veiled in thin, low-hanging, gray clouds which seemed burdened with snow, and sharp gusts of wind bore the smoke from the chimney down to the earth and around the house in lingering, bluish wisps. Finally her fitful watch met its reward, and she saw Ann emerge from her house and trudge down towards the cotton-field between the two farms. Hastily looking into the kitchen, and seeing that her mother was busily engaged mashing some boiled sweet-potatoes into a pulpy mixture of sugar, butter, and spices, with which to make some pies, Virginia slipped out of the house and into the cow-lot. Here she paused for a moment, her glance on the doorway through which she had passed, and then, seeing that her leaving had not attracted her mother's attention, she climbed over the rail-fence and entered the dense thicket near by. Through this tangle of vines, bushes, and briers she slowly made her way, until, suddenly, the long, regular rows of Ann's dead cotton-stalks, with their empty bolls and withered leaves, stretched out before her. And there stood Ann, crumbling a sample of the gray soil in her big, red hand. She heard Virginia's approach over the dry twigs of the wood, and looked up.

"Oh, it's you!" she exclaimed. "I didn't know but what it was another catamount that had got out of its beat up in the mountains and strayed down into civilization."

"I happened to see you leave your house and come this way," Virginia said, somewhat embarrassed, "and so I—"

"Yes, I came down here to take one more look at this field and make up my mind whether to have it turned under for wheat or try its strength on cotton again. There was a lots of fertilizer put on this crop, child. I can always tell by the feel of the dirt. That's the ruination of farming interests in the South. It's the get-a-crop-quick plan that has no solid foundation. An industrious German or Irishman can make more off of an acre than we can off of ten, and be adding value to the property each year. But did you want to see me about—anything particular?"

"It seems like I'm born to have trouble," Virginia answered, with heightening color and a studious avoidance of the old woman's keen glance.

"I see; I reckon your mother—"

"No, it's not about her," Virginia interrupted. "In fact, it's something that I could not confide in her."

"Well, you go ahead and tell me about it," Ann said, consolingly, as she threw the sample of soil down and wiped her hand on her apron. "I think it's powerful odd the way things

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have turned around, anyway. Only a few days ago if anybody had told me I'd ever be half-way friendly with a daughter of Jane Hemingway, I'd have thought they was clean off their base. I'm trying to act the impartial friend to you, child, but I don't know that I can. The trouble is, my flesh is too weak. It's only fair to tell you that I come in the breadth of a hair the other day of betraying you outright to your mammy. She met me down the road and driv me too far. She caught me off my guard and came at me in her old, catlike way, spitting and snarling—a thing I'm not proof against. She was gloating over me. I'm ashamed to say it to a sweet, trusting face like yours, but she came charging on me at such a rate that she drove away my best intentions and made me plumb forget what I was trying to do for you."

Ann hung her head for a moment, almost sheepishly, kicking a cotton-stalk from its mellow hill with the toe of her shoe.

"Don't bother about that," Virginia said, sweetly. "I know how she can exasperate any one."

"Well, I'm satisfied I won't do to trust in the capacity of a friend, anyway," Ann said, frankly. "I reckon I would be safe with anybody but that woman. There is no use telling you what I said, but I come in an inch of giving you plumb away. I come that nigh injuring a pure, helpless little thing like you are to hit her one sousing lick. As it was, I think I cowed her considerable. She's superstitious, and she broods as much over an imaginary trouble as a real one. The Lord knows I've been busy enough in my life tackling the genuine thing."

"I wanted to tell you," Virginia said, "that ever since Langdon Chester got back from Atlanta he has been trying to meet me, and—"

"The dirty scamp!" Ann broke in, angrily. "I told him if he ever dared to—"

"Wait a minute, Mrs. Boyd!" Virginia put out her hand and touched the old woman's arm. "He seems awfully upset over what has happened. I never saw any one change so completely. He looked very thin, his eyes were bloodshot, and he shook all over like a man who had been on a long spree. Mrs. Boyd, he came—and I'm sure he was serious—to ask me to marry him."

"Marry him? Why, child, you don't mean *that*—surely you don't mean—"

"I only know what he said," Virginia declared. "He says he is absolutely miserable over it all and wants me to marry him. His cousin, Chester Sively, advised him to propose to me, and he did. He says he loves me, and that nothing else will satisfy him."

"Well, well, well!" Ann exclaimed, as her great, astonished eyes bore down on Virginia's face. "I thought he was a chip off of the old block, but maybe he's got a little streak of good in him, and yet, let me study a minute. Let's walk on down to the spring. I want to see if it doesn't need a new gum—the old one is about rotted out. Well, well, well!"

They strolled along the fence, side by side, neither speaking till the spring was reached. There was a rustic bench near by, and Ann sat down on it, putting out her hand and drawing the girl to a seat at her side.

"Yes, there may be a streak of good," she went on. "And yet that may be just another phase of bad. You must be very careful, child. You have no idea how beautiful you are. He may mean what he says, all right enough, but maybe he isn't being led by the best motive. I know men, I reckon, about as well as any other woman of my age. Now, you see, it may be like this: Langdon Chester brought to his aid all the *foul*

means he could command to carry his point and failed. Maybe, now, he's just reckless enough and his pride is cut deep enough to make him resort to fair means rather than be plumb beat to a finish. If that's so, marrying him would be a very risky thing, for as soon as his evil fires smouldered he'd leave you high and dry. He'd convince himself he'd married below his standard, and go to the dogs—or some other woman. Sometimes I think there isn't no real love, like we read about in story-books. I believe a man or woman will love their own offspring in a solid, self-sacrificing way, but the sort of love that makes a continuous happy dream of marriage is powerful rare. It's generally one-sided and like a damp fire that takes a lot of fanning and fresh kindling-wood to keep going. But what did you tell him, I wonder?"

"Why, I refused him," Virginia answered.

"You did? You don't tell me! And how did his high and mighty lordship take that, I wonder?"

"It made him awfully mad. He almost swore at me, and took hold of my hand roughly. Then, from something I happened to say, he imagined that I was in love with—with someone else, and he made awful threats of what he might do."

"Ah, I see. I see, I see!" Ann muttered, as if to herself, her slow, thoughtful glance on her broad lands, which stretched out through the murky atmosphere. "It's wonderful how much your life is like mine used to be. The other night, lying in bed, I got to studying over it all, and it suddenly flashed on me that maybe it is the divine intention that I was to travel that rough road so I'd know how to lead you, that was to come on later, over the pits I stumbled in. And with that thought I felt a strange sort of peaceful contentment come over me. You see, I'm nearly always in a struggle against my inclination to treat Jane Hemingway's daughter half decent and such thoughts as those kind o' ease my pride. If the Lord is making me pity you and like you, maybe it's the devil that is trying to pull me the other way. That's why I'm afraid I won't do to trust, wavering about like I am. In this fight I haven't the slightest idea which influence is going to win in the end. In a tight pinch I may be tempted to use our very friendship to get even with your mammy. When she faces me with that confident look in her eye and that hateful curl to her lip, I loose my grip on all that's worth a red cent in me."

"You couldn't do a wrong thing to save your life," said Virginia, putting out her hand and taking that of her companion.

"Don't you bet too high stakes on that," Ann replied, deeply touched. I'm no saint. Right now I'm at daggers' points with nearly every neighbor I've got, and even my own child over the mountain. How I ever got this way with you is a mystery to me. You certainly were the last one I'd 'a' lifted a finger to help, but now—well, well—I reckon I'd worry a lots if you met with any further misfortune. But you are keeping back something, child. Did Langdon Chester seem to think that other *'somebody'* could possibly be Luke King?"

Virginia flushed and nodded. "He seemed to think so, Mrs. Boyd."

Ann sighed. She was still holding Virginia's hand, and she now began timidly to caress it as it lay on her knee.

"I don't like the way it's turned out a bit," she said. "The Chester stock can't stand being balked in anything; they couldn't bear to be beat in love by a poor, self-made man like Luke, and great, big trouble may be brewing. Langdon might push a row

on him. Luke is writing all sorts of things against the evil of war and fighting and the like, but under pressure he'd resent an insult. I'd hate to see him plumb mad. Then, again, Langdon might sink low enough to actually throw that imprudence of yours at him. If he did, that would be a match to powder. If Luke was a preacher and stood in the pulpit calling up mourners, he'd step down and act on that sort of an invitation. Virginia, if ever a man loved a woman, he loves you. His love is one of the exceptions to the rule I was talking about just now, and it seems to me that, no matter how you treat a man like that other scamp, you won't have a right to refuse Luke King. The truth is, I'm afraid he never could stand it. He's set his great, big, gentle soul on having you for his helpmeet, and I don't believe you will let any silly notion ruin it all. He's got brain enough to tackle the biggest human problems and settle them, but he'll never give his heart out but once."

Virginia withdrew her hand and swept it across her face, as if to brush away the flush upon it.

"I can never be his wife," she faltered. She paused, turned her face away, and said, in a low tone: "I am not good enough. I deliberately flirted with Langdon Chester. I used to love to have him say sweet things to me, and I led him on. I've no excuse to make. If I had been good enough to be the wife of a man like Luke King, I'd never have been caught in that trap, even to save my mother, for if I'd acted differently he'd never have done what he did. It's all my fault. If Langdon Chester is upset and bent on trouble. I'm the cause of it. If it results in unhappiness to the—to the noblest and best man I ever knew, it will all be my fault. You needn't try to comfort me, Mrs. Boyd. I tell you I'd rather die than have Luke King know all that has happened, and God knows I'd never be his wife otherwise. So that is the end of it."

Ann was silent for several minutes, then she said: "I feel like you are wrong somehow, and yet I don't exactly know how to make you see it my way. We must both study over it. It is a problem, and no little one. There is one thing certain; I'll never advise you to start married life on deception of any kind. I tried that, with the best intentions, and it was the worst investment I ever made."

Chapter XXXIV.

During this conversation Sam Hemingway had returned to the house from his field. He had an armful of white, silky, inside leaves of cornhusks closely packed together, and these he submerged in a washtub full of water, in the back-yard, placing stones on them to hold them down.

"What are you about now?" his sister-in-law asked, as she appeared in the doorway of the kitchen.

"Now, what could a body be about when he's wetting a passle of shucks?" he answered dryly. "I'm going to make me some stout horse-collars for spring plowing. There ain't but one other thing a body could make out of wet shucks, and that's foot-mats for town folks to wipe their feet on. Foot-mats are a dead waste of money, for if fewer mats were used, women would have to do more sweeping and not get time to stand around the postoffice watching men as much as they do. I reckon it's the way old daddy Time has of shifting women's work onto men's shoulders. I'll bet my hat that new-fangled churn that fellow passed with yesterday was invented by a man out o' pure pity for his sex."

"I was wondering where Virginia went to," Jane said, as if she had not heard his philosophical utterances. "I've been all around the house look-

ing for her, even to the barn, but she's disappeared entirely."

Sam shrugged his shoulders significantly. He placed the last stone on the submerged husks and drew himself up erect. "I was just studying," he drawled out, "whether it ud actually do to tell you where she is at this minute. I'd decided I'd better not, and go on and finish this work. From what I know about your odd disposition, I'd expect one of two solitary things; I'd expect to see you keel over in a dead faint or stand stock-still in your tracks and burn to a cinder from internal fires."

"Sam, what do you mean?" The widow, in no little alarm, came towards him, her eyes fixed steadily on his.

"Well, I reckon you might as well know and be done with it," he said, "though you'll be sure to let them pies burn afterwards. Jane, your only child is right now a-sitting on the bench at the gum spring, side by side with Ann Boyd. In fact, as well as I could see from the rise I was on in my potato-patch, I'd 'a' took my oath that they was holding hands like two sweethearts."

"I don't believe a word of it," Jane gasped, turning pale. "It might have been Virginia with somebody else, but not *that* woman."

"I wouldn't mistake Ann Boyd's solid shape and blue linsey frock ten miles off." was the cold comfort Sam dispensed in his next remark. "If you doubt what I say, and will agree not to jump on Ann and get yourself drawed up at court for assault and battery, with intent to *get killed,* you may go look for yourself. If you'll slip through the thicket, you can come up on 'em unbeknownst."

With a very grave look on her emaciated face, Jane Hemingway, without wrap for her thin shoulders or covering for her gray head, strode across the yard and into the bushes. Almost holding her breath in dire suspense and with a superstitious fear of she knew not what, she sped through the wood, briers and thornbushes clutching at her skirt and wild grape-vines striking her abreast and detaining her. Presently she was near enough to the spring to hear voices, but was, as yet, unable to see who was speaking. Then she became fearful lest the dry twigs with which the ground was strewn, in breaking under her feet, would betray her presence, and she began, with the desperate caution of a convict escaping from prison, to select her way, carefully stepping from one patch of green moss to another. A few paces ahead of her there was a group of tall pines, and beneath their skeleton boughs was a veritable bed of soft, brown needles. She soon gained this favorable point of progress, and sped on noiselessly as the gentle breeze overhead. Suddenly, through the bushes, she caught a gleam of color, and recognized the dark-blue skirt Ann Boyd wore so constantly, and—her heart stood still, for, massed against it, was the light gray of Virginia's dress. Ah, there could be no shadow of a doubt now. Sam was right, and with bowed head and crouching form Jane gave bewildered ear to words which caused her blood to stand still in her veins.

"Yes, I've thought a lots about it, child," she heard Ann saying. "I can't make it out at all, but I really love you more than I do my own daughter. I reckon it was the divine intention for me and you to have this secret between us, and pity one another like we do. I can't help it, but when you tell me you love me and think I'm good and the best friend you've got on earth, why, it is the sweetest sound that ever fell on human ear."

There was a pause. Jane Hemingway held her breath; her very soul hung on the silence. Then, as if from

the dun skies above the shaft descended, as if dropped from the lips of the Avenging Angel. It was the child of her own breast uttering sounds as inexplicable, as damning to her hopes, as if the gentle, tractable girl had approached her bed in the dead hours of night and said: "Mother, I've come to kill you. There is no way out of it. I must take your life. I am stronger than you. You must submit. Ann Boyd has willed it so. Mother, I am Retribution!"

"Yes, I do love you, with all my heart," were the words Jane heard. "I can't help it. You have been kinder to me, more considerate of my feelings, than my own mother. But I will make amends for all her cruelty towards you. I'll love you always. I'll go to my grave loving you. You are the best woman that ever lived. Suffering has raised you to the skies. I have never kissed you. Let me now—*do, do* let me!"

As if in a horrible dream, Jane Hemingway turned back homeward. Without knowing why, she still moved with the same breathless caution. Hers was a dead soul dragging a body vitalized only by sheer animal instinct to escape torture. To escape it? No, it was there ahead—it was here, encompassing her like a net, yonder, behind, everywhere, and it would stretch out to the end of time. She told her benumbed consciousness that she saw it all now. It was not the cancer and its deadly effect that Ann had held over her that hot day at the wash-place. No wonder that Ann had not told her all, for that would have marred her comprehensive and relentless plans. Ann's subtle plot had been to rob her enemy of the respect and love of her only child. Jane had succeeded in tearing from Ann Boyd's arms her only offspring, and Ann, with the cunning of her great, indefatigable brain, had devised this subtle revenge and carried it through. She had won over to herself the love and respect, even reverence, of her enemy's child. It had been going on in secret for a long time, and even now the truth was out only by sheer accident. Jane Hemingway groaned aloud in agony and self-pity as, with her gray head down, she groped homeward. What was there to do now? Nothing! She was learning her final grim lesson in the realization that she was no possible match for her rival. How well she now recalled the fierce words Ann had hurled at her only a few days since: "Could I hit back at you now? Could I? Huh! I could tell you something, Jane Hemingway, that would humble you to the dust and make you crawl home with your nose to the earth like a whipped dog." Ah, it was true, only too true! Humbled? It was more than that. Pride, hope, even resentment, was gone. She now cowered before her enemy as she had so recently before death itself. For once she keenly felt her own supreme littleness and stood in absolute awe of the mighty personality she had been so long and audaciously combating.

Reaching the fence which bounded her own property, Jane got over it with difficulty. She seemed to have lost all physical strength. She saw Sam behind the house, under the spreading, leafless boughs of an apple-tree, repairing a break in the ash-hopper. She could not have explained what impulse prompted it, but she paused in front of him, speaking in a tone he had never heard from her before. "Sam," she said, a stare like the glaze of death in her eyes, "don't you mention this to my child; do you hear me? Don't you tell Virginia what we've found out. If you do you'll get your foot into something you'll be sorry for. Do you hear me, man? This is my business—*mine,*

and not a thing for you to treat lightly. If you know what's good for you, you'll take my hint and not meddle."

"Well, I never!" Sam exclaimed. "Good Lord, woman, what have them two folks done to you down there? I never saw you look so plumb flabbergasted in my life."

"Never you mind about that," Jane said. "You remember what I said and don't meddle with what doesn't concern you."

"Well, she kin bet I won't," Sam mused, as he stood looking after her, as she disappeared through the doorway into the kitchen. "This is one of the times, I reckon, that I'll take her advice. Some'n' big has taken place, or is about to take place, if I'm any judge."

Jane sank into a chair in the kitchen and softly groaned as she cast her slow eyes about her. Here all seemed sheer mockery. Every mute object in the room uttered a cry against her. The big, open fireplace, with its pots and kettles, the cupboard, the cleanly polished table, with the row of hot pies Sam had rescued from the coals and placed there to cool, the churn, the milk, the butter-jars and pans, the pepper-pods hanging to the smoked rafters overhead—all these things, which had to do with mere subsistence, seemed suddenly out of place among the things which really counted. Suddenly Jane had a faint thrill of hope, as a thought, like a stray gleam of light penetrating a dark chamber, came to her. Perhaps, when Virginia was told that Ann Boyd had only used her as a tool in a gigantic and subtle scheme of revenge against her own flesh and blood, the girl would turn back to her own. Perhaps, but it was not likely. Ann Boyd had never failed in any deliberate undertaking. She would not now, and, for aught Jane knew to the contrary, Virginia might be as confirmed already in her enmity as the older woman, and had long been a dutiful and observant spy. It was horrible, but—yes, Jane was willing to admit that it was fair. The worm had turned, and its sting was equal to the concentrated pain of all Ann Boyd's years of isolated sufferings.

Chapter XXXV.

In about half an hour Virginia returned home. She passed Sam under the apple-tree, where he now had a big pot full of shelled corn and lye over an incipient fire preparing to make whole-grained hominy, and hastened into the kitchen, where Jane sat bowed before the fire.

"Is there anything I can do, mother?" she inquired.

There was a pause. Mrs. Hemingway did not look up. In some surprise, Virginia repeated her question, and then Jane said, calmly and deliberately:

"Yes; there is something you can do. You can get out of my sight, and *keep* out of it. When I want anything from you, I'll call on you."

Virginia paused, dumbfounded, and then passed out into the yard and approached her uncle.

"Can you tell me," she asked, "if anything has gone wrong with mother?"

Sam gave her one swift glance from beneath his tattered, tent-shaped wool hat, and then, with his paddle, he began to stir the corn and lye in the pot.

"I reckon," he said, after a momentary struggle over a desire to tell the plain truth instead of prevaricating, "if you don't know that woman by this time, Virgie, it's your own fault. I'm sure I don't try to keep up with her tantrums and sudden notions. That woman's died forty seven times in her life, and been laid out and buried ten. Maybe she's

been tasting them pies she was cooking, and got crooked. You let a body's liver be at all sluggish and get a wad o' sweet-potato dough lodged inside of 'em, and they'll have a sort of jim-jams not brought on by liquor. I reckon she'll cough it down after a while. If I was you, though, I'd let her alone."

Jane was, indeed, acting strangely. Refusing to sit down to the mid-day meal with them, as was her invariable custom, she put on her bonnet and shawl and, without a word of explanation, set off in the direction of Wilson's store. She was gone till dusk, and then came in with a slow step, passed through the sitting-room, where Sam had made a cheerful fire, and went on to her own room in the rear of the house. Virginia rose to follow her solicitously, but Sam put out a detaining hand, shifting his pipe into the corner of his mouth.

"I'd let her alone if I was in your place," he said. "Let her go to bed and sleep. She'll get up all right in the morning."

"I only wanted to see if there was anything I could do for her," Virginia said, in a troubled tone. "Do you suppose it is a relapse she is having? Perhaps she has discovered that the cancer is coming back. The fear of that would kill her, actually kill her."

"I don't think that's it," said Sam, impulsively; "the truth is, Virginia, she—" He pulled himself up. "But maybe that *is* it. Anyway, I'd let her alone."

Darkness came down. Virginia spread the cloth in the big kitchen and put the plates and dishes in their places, and then slipped to the door of her mother's room. It was dark and still.

"Supper is on the table, mother," she said; "do you want anything?"

There was a sudden creaking of the bed-slats, a pause, then, in a sullen, husky voice, Jane answered, "No, I *don't;* you leave me alone!"

"All right, mother; I'm sorry to have disturbed you. Good-night."

Sam and his niece ate alone in the big room by the wavering light of the fire. The wind had risen on the mountain-top, and roared across the fields. It sang dolefully in the pines near by, whistled shrilly under the eaves of the house, and scurried through the open passage outside. After the meal was over, Sam smoked a pipe and thumped off to bed, carrying his shoes in his hand. Virginia buried the remains of the big back-log in the hot ashes, and in the darkness crept into her own room, adjoining that of her mother, and went to bed.

Jane Hemingway was not sleeping; she had no hope of a respite of that sort. She would have doubted that she ever could close her eyes in tranquillity till some settlement of the life-crushing matter was reached. What was to be done? Only one expedient had offered itself during her aimless walk to the store, where she purchased a spool of cotton thread she did not need, and during her slow return along the road and the further hours of solitude in her darkened chamber, and that expedient offered no balm for her gashed and torn pride. She could appeal to the law to protect her innocent daughter from the designing wiles of a woman of such a reputation as Ann Boyd bore, but, alas! even Ann might have foreseen that ruse and counted on its more deeply stirring Virginia's sympathies and adding to her faith. Why she had not at once denounced her child for her filial faithlessness she could not have explained, unless it was the superstitious dread of having Virginia's infidelity reconfirmed. Of course, she must fight.

Yes, she'd have to do that to the end, although her shrewd enemy had already beaten her life-pulse dead in her veins and left her without a hope of adequate retaliation. Going to law meant also that it was her first public acknowledgment of her enemy's prowess, and it meant, too, the widespread and humiliating advertisement of the fact that Virginia had died to her and been born to the breast of her rival; but even that must be borne.

These morose reflections were broken, near midnight, by a step in the passage outside. The door was opened softly, and Virginia, in her night-robe, came in quietly and approached the bed.

"I know you are not asleep, mother," she said, tremulously. "I've heard you rolling and tossing ever since I went to bed."

Jane stared from her hot pillow for an instant, and then slowly propped herself up on her gaunt, quivering elbow. "You are not asleep either, it seems," she said, hollowly.

"No, I couldn't for thinking about you," Virginia replied, gently, as she sat down on the foot of the bed.

"You couldn't, huh! I say!" Jane sneered. "Huh, *you!* It's a pity about you!"

"I have reason to worry," Virginia said. "You know the doctors told you particularly not to get depressed and downhearted while you are recovering your strength."

"Huh! what do they mean by prescribing things that can't be reached under the sun? They are idiots to think I could have peace of mind after finding out what I did this morning. I once had a cancer in the flesh; I've got one now in my heart, where no knife on earth can reach it."

There was a pause. The eyes of the mother and daughter met in the half-darkness of the room. There was a lull in the whistling of the wind outside. Under the floor a hen with a brood of chickens was clucking uneasily and flapping her wings in the effort to keep her brood warm. Across the passage came the rasping sound of Sam's snoring, as unconscious of tragedy as he had been in his cradle, and yet its creeping shadow lay over his placid features, its bated breath filled the air he was breathing. Virginia leaned forward wonderingly, her lips parted and set in anxiety.

"You are thinking about the debt on the farm?" she ventured. "If that's it, mother, remember—"

"The debt on this paltry shack and few acres of rocky land? Huh! if that was all I had to complain about I'd bounce out of this bed and shout for joy. Oh, Lord, have mercy on me!"

"Then, mother, what—" Virginia drew herself up with a start. Her mother, it now struck her, had said her trouble was due to a discovery she had made that morning. What else could it be than that her mother had accidentally seen her in company with Ann Boyd? Yes, that was it and Virginia hastily told herself that some satisfying explanation must be made, some plausible and pacifying reason must be forthcoming that would allay her mother's anger, but it was hard to lie, in open words, as she had been doing in act. The gentle girl shuddered before the impending ordeal and clinched her hands in her lap. Yes, it was hard to lie, and yet the truth—the *whole* truth—was impossible.

"Mother," she began, "you see—I suppose I'll have to confess to you that Mrs. Boyd and I—"

"Don't blacken your soul with lies!" her mother hurled at her, furiously. "I slipped up in a few feet of you both at the spring and saw you

kissing her, and heard you tell her you loved her more than anybody in the world, and that she'd treated you better than I ever did, and that she was the best woman that ever lived. Explain all that, if you can, but don't set there and lie to me who who gave you what life you've got, and toiled and stinted and worked my hands to the bone to raise you and let you hold your own with others. If there is a speck of truth in you, don't deny what I saw with my own eyes and heard with my two ears."

"I'll not deny it, then," Virginia said. She rose and moved to the small-paned window and stood with her face turned away. "I have met Mrs. Boyd several times and talked to her. I don't think she has ever had justice done her by you and her neighbors; she is not rightly understood, and, feeling that you have been all along the chief influence against her, and have always kept her early trouble stirred up, I felt like being her friend as well as I could, and at the same time remain true to you."

"Oh, you poor, poor little sniffling idiot!" Jane said as she drew her thin legs out from the coverings and rested her feet on the floor and leaned forward. "All this time you've been thinking, in your grand way, that you were doing a kindness to her, when she was just using you as a tool to devil me. Huh! didn't she throw it up to me once at the wash-place where she and I met? She told me to my teeth that something was coming that would bring my face to the earth in shame. I thought she knew about the cancer and was gloating over it; but she wasn't speaking of that, for when I came back from Atlanta, sound and whole, she hurled her hints at me again. She said she knew nothing about the cancer at that time, but that she still knew something that would make me slink from the faces of men and women like a whipped hound. I discovered what she meant today. She meant that because my testimony had something to do with Joe Boyd's leaving with *her* child she had won over *mine* to herself. That's been her mean and sneaking plot all this time, in which she has been decoying you from a respectable roof and making you her easy tool—the tool with which she expected to stab at my pride and humble me in the eyes of everybody."

"Mother, stop!" Virginia turned and sat down again on the bed. "That woman shall not have another—not one other—*false* charge piled up around her. God knows I don't see how I can tell you *all* the truth, but it is due to her now. It will more than justify her, and that's my duty. Listen, and don't interrupt me. I want to go straight through this, and when I have finished you may turn from me and force me to go to her for a home. You have never dreamed that I could do what I am about to confess I did. I am not going to excuse myself, either. What I did, I did. The shame of it, now that I see clearly, is killing me. No, stop! Let me go on. I have been receiving the attentions of Langdon Chester in secret. After the first time you saw us together and objected so strongly, I told him not to come to the house again; but, like many another silly girl, I was hungry for admiration, and met him elsewhere. I loved to hear the nice things he said, although I didn't always believe them. He—he tried to induce me to do a number of imprudent things, which, somehow, I was able to refuse, as they concerned my own pleasure alone; but then you began to worry about the money to go to Atlanta on. Day by day you grew more and more despondent and desperate as every effort failed, and one day, when you were

down at the lowest ebb of hope, he told me that he—do you understand, mother?—Langdon Chester told me that he thought he could get up the money, but that no one must know that he—"

"Oh, my God, don't, don't, don't!" Jane groaned. "Don't tell me that you—"

"Stop! let me go on," Virginia said, in a low desperate tone. "I'm going to tell the whole horrible thing and be done with it forever. He said he had sent his best horse to Darley to sell it, and that the man would be back about ten o'clock at night with the money. He told me, mother, that he wanted me to slip away from home after you went to sleep and come there for the money. I didn't hesitate long. I wanted to save your life. I agreed. I might have failed to go after I parted with him if I'd had time to reflect, but when I came into supper you were more desperate than ever. You went to your room praying and moaning, and kept it up until you dropped asleep only a few minutes before the appointed time. Well, I slipped away and—*went.*"

"Oh, God have mercy on me—mercy, mercy, mercy!" Jane groaned. "You went there to that man!"

Virginia nodded mutely and then continued her recital. Jane Hemingway's knees bent under her as she stood holding to the bedpost, and she slowly sank to the floor a few feet away. With a low moaning sound like a suffering dumb brute, she crawled on her hands and knees to her daughter and mutely clutched the girl's cold, bare ankles. "You say he locked you in his bedroom!" she said, in a rasping whisper. "*Locked you*—actually locked you in! Oh, Lord have mercy!"

"Then, after a long wait," the girl went on, "in which I was praying only for the money, mother—the money to save your life and put you out of agony—I heard steps, first on the stairs and then at the door. Somebody touched the latch. The door held fast. Then the key was turned, and as I sat there with covered face, now with the dread of death upon me for the first time, somebody came in and stood over me."

"The scoundrel! The beast!" Jane's hands slipped from their hold on the girl's ankles and fell; her head and shoulders sank till her brow touched the floor.

"A hand was laid on my head," Virginia went on. "I heard a voice—"

"The fiend from hell!" Jane raised her haggard face and glaring eyes. "Don't, don't tell me that he dared to—"

"It was Mrs. Boyd, mother—Ann Boyd," said Virginia.

"Ann Boyd!" Jane groaned. "I see it now; *she* was at the bottom of it; it was all *her* doing. *That* was her plot. Ah, God, I see it now!"

"You are mistaken," the girl said. "She had accidentally overheard my agreement to go there, and came for no other reason than to save me, mother—to save me."

"To save you?" Jane raised herself on her two hands like a four-footed animal looking up from its food. "Save you?" she repeated, with the helpless glare of insanity in her blearing eyes.

"Yes, to save me. She was acting on impulse, an impulse for good that she was even then fighting against. When she heard of that appointment she actually gloated over it, but, mother, she found herself unequal to it. As the time which had been set drew near, she plunged out into the night and got there only a few minutes before—"

"In time—oh, my God, did you say *in time?*" Jane gasped, again clutch-

ing her daughter's ankles and holding desperately to them.

"Yes, in time to save me from all but the life-long consciousness of my awful indiscretion. She brought me away, and after that how could I be other than a grateful friend to such a noble creature?"

"In time—oh, my God, in *time!*" Jane exclaimed, as she sat erect on the floor and tossed her scant hair, which, like a wisp of tow, hung down her cheek. Then she got up stiffly and moved back to the bed as aimlessly as if she were wandering in her sleep.

"There is no use in my saying more, mother." Virginia rose and turned to the door. "I'm going back to my room. You can think it all over and do as you please with me. I deserve punishment, and I'm willing to take it."

Jane stared at her from her hollow eyes for a moment, then said: "Yes, go! I never want to see you again; Ann Boyd saved you, but she is now gloating over *me*. She'll call it heaping coals of fire on my head; she'll brag to me and others of what she's done, and of what I owe her. Oh, I know that woman! You've escaped one thing, but have made me face another worse than death. Go on away—get clear out of my sight. If you don't I'll say something to you that you will remember all of your life."

"Very well, mother." Virginia moved to the door. Her hand was on the latch, when, with a startled gasp, her mother called out:

"Stop!—stop! For God's sake don't you dare to tell me that I went to Atlanta and bought back my life with that young scoundrel's money; if you do, as God is my Judge, I'll strike you dead where you stand."

"No, I refused to take it," Virginia said. "He came to me afterwards and begged me to accept it, but I refused."

"Then how under the sun—" Jane began, but went no further.

Virginia turned in the doorway, and stood still; a look of resigned despair was on her. "You may as well know *all* the truth," she said. "I promised not to tell, but you really ought to know this, too. Mother, Ann Boyd gave me the money. The woman you are still hounding and hating earned the money by the sweat of her brow that saved your life."

"Ann Boyd! Oh, my God, and to think you can stand there and tell me that! Get out of my sight. You have acted the fool all along, and humiliated me in the dust by your conduct. You are no child of mine. It was all a plot—a dirty, low plot. She has used you. She has used me. She is laughing at us both right now. Oh, I know her! Get out of my sight or I'll forget myself and—go, I tell you!"

THE DEVIL'S HUNTING

By MARY CHAPIN SMITH.

The devil rides out a-hunting today
With his hounds and servitors;
Their fangs are lusting for the feel of flesh,
They are hot with desire to snare and enmesh
My feet in their nets; their thirst to slake
In my heart's red blood; to rend and break,
To crush and slay as the devil may,
The devil and all his servitors.

I will hie me forth to a tender wood
Where the shade is kindly and the light is good,
The light that falls in small gold coins
On beds of moss and banks of myrtle
Fit for Maid Marian in her green kirtle.

I'll seat me within a fairy ring
'Mid a circle of scented fern,
And the devil may ride and twist and turn
But never will he learn the lightest trace
Of my velvet green deep hiding place;
For the little birds that are on the wing,
The little birds that light and sing,
They weave a circle in and out,
Bird magic, there's no doubt;
A curtain of fine flutterings
And soft cool whir of silver wings,
A murmur of heavenly things,
With flashes of golden eyes
And gentle looks of kind surmise,
Songs and trills and shivers of bliss
So sweet that the angels would not dare miss.

This curtain of sight and motion and sound falls around
From blue sky above to mossy ground,
And the devil cannot ride within.
The bluejay drops his feather before
The vine-embowered door:
When his Honor sees that, he may not pass,—
Sure sign for him, alas!
That he may turn back the way that he came
With his hounds and his servitors and his evil name,
To do his hunting and rend and slay
On another day
And another way than this.

Poems, by Charles W. Hubner. The Neale Pub. Co., New York.

A poet of purity and spirituality, Mr. Hubner's thought soars high.

The prevailing note of this volume is that of faith, of resignation, of philosophic optimism. No matter what the theme, his point of view is found in the lines,

"We are for a moment only
Tenants in our house of clay;
Evermore are voices calling:
"'Pilgrim, tarry not—away.'"

In "Reconciliation" he says:

"For *had she lived,* our heart's dear treasure,
Who knows what grief, what pain, what tears,
What loss no earthly gauge can measure,
Might have been hers in after years."

That is true, but is it not a truth to fill the soul with awe?

This world is so frightfully bad—so full of grief, and pain and tears—that we console ourselves for the loss of our little ones *by the thought of what death saved them from!* It is true that we do this. It is true that the facts justify us in doing it: but if that kind of consolation is not a terrible indictment against the order of things, we don't know the meaning of words.

The same mysterious Nature that paints the rose red and the violet blue puts the appetite in the hawk,—along with his merciless beak and claws,—and puts the poison sack at the root of the serpent's tooth. We might as well look facts in the face.

Gray's matchless "Elegy" has never had so nearly a counterpart equal in pathos and quiet beauty as in Mr. Hubner's "In a City Cemetery." It is a beautiful train of thought, perfectly phrased. To quote but a few lines would be an injustice to the whole, and we have not the space for all of it.

"A Noble Life" is, indeed, a noble lyric, ringing with the truest conception of *manliness.*

Among the many fine poems of the collection, we note, "The Soul and the Stars," "The Old School-House," "My Library," "When we Were Twenty-One," "Life and Love," "At Manhood's Threshold," and "The Voices."

Creative genius is, in itself, a rich endowment, but best of all is that essential soundness of mind and sweetness of spirit which characterize the work of Charles W. Hubner.

Southern Lyrics, by Robert Paine Hudson. Southern Lyrics Pub. Co., Nashville, Tenn. Price, $1.50 net.

According to a rough estimate of ours, there are some 360 poems in this extraordinary volume. Now, we believe that we are reasonably safe in saying that no poet that ever lived was able to produce 360 *good* poems. Therefore, we hope that Mr. Hudson's feelings will not be hurt when we tell him that he has done what all the others have done—gathered up a deal of rubbish along with his better work.

Many of the poems in this large collection are exceedingly agreeable reading. They ring true, the sentiment is healthy

enough, and the thought is generally sound. To say that the verses contain that peculiar quality called inspiration, or "divine *afflatus*," would be uncandid. We judge that the author is a gentleman of superior intelligence and quick susceptibilities—a man who has travelled a good deal, who is impressionable, and who can express himself in rhyme with more ease than mose people can talk in prose. In fact, his talent for throwing off very fair verse upon almost every possible subject is quite remarkable.

We trust that we give no offense when we say that we get the impression that Mr. Hudson has been very much of a lady's man, and must have narrowly missed being a Mormon. For instance, what are we to understand by such headlines as "I Loved two Girls?"

Hurriedly we turned to page 31, and heaved a sigh of relief when we discovered that the naughty suggestion of the headline was not justified by the facts for, quoth the poet:

"I did not love them both together,
But loved the one and *then* the other."

Which makes it all right, of course; but it was a close call. We cannot but regret that the poet did not make it plain that there was a recess, however short, between these two loves.

The number of fair maidens who made impressions upon the heart of our Southern bard is bewilderingly large. Tom Moore, even in his Tom Browne days, was not in it with this wandering troubadour of our own dear Southland. From Ada to Nettie, and from Nettie to Lena, and from Lena to Carmelita, and from *her* to Minnie, and on to Virginia, and Jessie, and Eunice, and Laura, and Darthula,—we come to Kitty Lou. We seem to stay by Kitty Lou with unwonted constancy, for there are no less than thirty rounds of rhyme fired at her obdurate heart. In spite of all that poesy can do, Kitty Lou holds out against us, and we have to write a despairing poem properly entitled "No More Hope," and pass on to Josephine. Unhappily, Josephine is a tough customer, also, and after inditing to her three lyrics—"Heaven in Dreams," "This Rippled Sea," and the tentative "Good-bye, if we Must,"—the fair one seems to have broken it off in us, and we have to pen the final heartbroken "Josephine Lost."

Which means, we guess, that "another" found her. But immediately we rally, and go after "Barbra." After Barbra comes Bettie. Then Lula. Then Marietta. We stay by Marietta a long time, and write her about sixty poems. And yet, oh! Heavens! We lose Marietta, too. Then we take up Ellen, who does not take us up, and we have to pass on to Nannie. From her we logically proceed to Delia. Then to Molly, and Fanny, and Marion, and Florence, and Rachel. In due course, we arrive at Eva, from whom we go to Emma, and Lizzie, and Sally. Then we rise again and seek Amanda, and Caledonia, and—but really we must stop. No honey bee ever buzzed around a larger variety of sweet blossoms than did this lover-poet of the Sunny South.

As evidence of the rollicking ease with which the bard flings off rhymes, let us sample his verses to the sweetheart whom he calls

"Altamira, or Sis.

"My affectionate Sis, it can't be amiss
To demolish the rust of my pen,
While the stars in the skies are blinking their eyes,
And the old clock is telling us ten.

But this I awake for only thy sake
And shake up the drugs of my ink,
And call thee again to my unpolished brain,
As the moon looks afar with a wink."
That's a new one on the moon.

There are eleven more verses of the same facile sort. We also write still another poem to "Altamira, or Sis," but nevertheless the day comes when we are bowled out, and have to compose a dismal farewell beginning, as usual, "'Tis Done."

We had begun to fear that every one of his score of lady-loves had been unkind to our poet, and were pleasantly sur-

prised to find that the greater part of his rhymed despair was Pickwickian.

As we should all be glad to know of such a warm-hearted and true-souled gentleman, Mr Hunter mated happily, and little ones came, to crowd about his knee, and bless his home. Very gracefully he writes,

"Whence these songs?" the children ask me
As they press their lips to mine;
"Have you no other?" yet they task me,—
Little fairies half divine.

Youthful Muses overtake me
When my country bursts to spring;
Thousand happy voices make me
Thrill with pleasure, so I sing.

Every spike that spreads its sweetness
Where the loud-note songsters throng;
Every mountain, in its greatness,
Whispers to my heart a song.

'Tis the music of the wildwood,
That you read in rhythmic chimes;
'Tis the stories of my childhood
Brought to me from olden times.

'Tis the lofty palms that greet me,
And the voice of Southern seas;
'Tis the children dear that meet me
Everywhere that give me these.

MAM LINDA, A Novel, by Will N. Harben. Harper & Bros., Publishers, New York.

Once more the Georgia genius, Harben, has returned to the familiar territory of North Georgia, and once more he has created characters that are true to life, and told a story which throbs with human interest. In fact, Mam Linda strikes us as being, on the whole, the best piece of work that our friend Harben has yet done.

More faithfully than Walter Scott drew the portraits of the Scotch of his day, Harben reveals the people of North Georgia, for Harben's people all talk *like folks,* whereas many of Sir Walter's characters—his lovers especially—hold forth in a tremendous manner never known to any mere human beings. Take the "Antiquary," for example, and read the dialogues of Lovel and Miss Wardour; if any girl on earth ever talked to her suiter in that state-paper style, *she* was crazy and *he* a cad.

Harben is a realist, and paints things as they are. He does not revel in mere filth, as some realists consider themselves in duty bound to do, but he is none the less a realist. He does not put his men and women on stilts, and his country people are not caricatures. In Harben's books, we recognize people that we ourselves have known. They do things which we know to be well within the range of the probable. They talk the "local lingo," and their true characters are represented in most of the talk.

We take it for granted that the real purpose of "Mam Linda" is to demonstrate the futility and wickedness of lynching negroes.

"Mam Linda" has a worthless son who runs with a gang more vicious than himself, and he becomes an object of hatred to certain of the mountain people. They determine to lynch him. A young lawyer, a white man, determines to save the negro. After many dramatic, well-handled vicissitudes the mob is foiled and the negro saved. Then a colored barber holds forth in a strain of rebuke to the South, urging that milder methods be tried. The substance of the barber's homily is that the South has tried lynching long enough.

To which we might answer that when the raping of white women by devilish black brutes stops, it will be in order to talk about milder treatment.

The thing which amazes and maddens Southern people is that the North seems to have *no pity for the victim* of the horrible beast that commits the crime.

That the South will continue to deal with the rapist just as we do with the mad-dog, is certain.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

Watsonville, Cal., Dec., 26, 1907.

Hon. Thomas E. Watson, Editor.

Thomson, Ga.

Dear Sir: Upon my return I found a card dated November 13th—setting forth the fact that you were publishing The Jeffersonian and from your other writings I judge that it would have some good things in store for the average plebian.

Now I am worried over a subject of economics.

1907 has no parallel in history in the way of progress manufacture, railroad and canal construction, agricultural and horticultural products, and what is still better good prices, never better, and again, railroads; all railroads have more business than they can take care of, at a carrying price of their own making. Great developments in mines, large increase of gold and silver, municipal, national and corporate bonds are meeting with ready sale at good figures. Large pension roll, to thoroughly distribute the pittance that is given to the defenders of the country. And above all a large increase in wages and a demand for labor that is impossible to fill. There have been no fires to destroy any of the so-called money of the country. There have been no manifestoes in Congress or the Senate or the President, contracting currency, but efforts in every direction to increase the volume of money, and yet with this grand showing above, all at once out of a clear sky, without a fleck of a cloud in any direction, comes a financial disaster. Governors have called extra sessions of the Legislature to pass laws extending time of delinquency of tax paying and yet when under closer observation we find the poor man, the small dealer and the farmer, have paid all their taxes before this concession was made and under the same observation we find that it was for the sole benefit of banking and other corporations to avoid paying their taxes for three months or more, that they might have the use of the money which was equal to the interest for that length of time.

Then again there was a system of special holidays issued by governors, so that banks could float upon the country, money of their own making, which is a prerogative supposed to belong to Congress alone. The net gain to the banking corporations that issued this stuff, through either fire or otherwise, they will probably never tell.

Then again the Clearing House Certificates. That was a brand new one. It carries me back to the disaster of '57, when merchants issued Store Checks, which were always preferable to the fluctuating value of State Bank issue, at that time.

What is the difference in the reliability of the State Bank, or National Bank of today? Where would the depositor get off with any of these banks if there was a heavy falling off of prices in agricultural and horticultural products and a short crop of either, heavy shrinkage in price of labor and a heavy decrease in the number employed, closing down of mines, factories, bankruptcy of railroads, or in other words, the absolute opposite in detail of all things enumerated.

Is this so-called stringency a plot brought about by a combination of bankers in convention? Is it a fact that the time has come when a few usurers can control, absolutely, the money of the country to the extent that in times of the greatest prosperity in the history of the world, they can close the doors of business and compel people to come to their terms by paying a greater rate of interest?

Was the scheme for the purpose of increasing the rate of interest, or was it to try oct a system to see whether control could be had of the finances of the country?

If you will give me an unbiased dissertation upon this subject that will clear up the fog of, I believe, many more besides myself, you will certainly confer a favor upon thousands, because the powers that be, attempt no explanation whatever. Just simply stare and ask for more holidays so that the depositor cannot make a run on the bank and at the same time cannot even get but $25 each tay, of his own money that was temporarily deposited and even then paid in what is known as "Cashier's Checks."

If you feel disposed to answer this, please send me as many copies as you feel like so that I can distribute them so that I can distribute them, at the same time complying with your post card.

Yours truly,
A. W. Judd.

THE ACRE CLUB.

A Practical Plan to Educate the American Farmer.

There is a wide spread and growing determination on the part of the American farmer (through the medium of organization and co-operation) to place and maintain the price of farm products on such a basis as will not only repay the cost of production but which will give to the producer a reasonable profit,—sufficient to educate his children, also to lay by something for old age or a "Rainy day." If this is to be done, it is important that each farmer learn to know the actual cost of producing the various farm crops; also to learn how to produce the largest crops, with the least labor, on a given area, also to maintain, or increase, the fertility of the soil.

As a foundation for an effective, inexpensive system that can be pushed into every nook and corner of agricultural America,—affording opportunity for a practical agricultural education to such farmers as feel that they are too old (or that for any other reason it is inconvenient for them) to attend an agricultural school, such as are being established throughout the land for the coming generation of farmers, I wish to recommend the Acre Club.

Through the medium of the Acre Club a practical agricultural education can be secured by all farmers without the expenditure of any money,—requiring only the application of a little energy. 1st. Qualification for membership. A farmer who is willing to use a little energy to increase his store of knowledge and improve his methods of agriculture.

Plan of organization. Secure the co-operation of a number of interested farmers conveniently located (get 10 or 12 members if possible, but don't fail to organize if you only have two members.)

Let each member select some farm crop adapted to his section of the country (each member should select a different crop, especially in small clubs). He then selects one acre of land (preferably average land of the community in which he resides). On this acre he endeavors to produce as near as practicable a perfect crop.

He must keep written account of when and how he prepares, plants, and cultivates this acre, and the exact cost of same.

When the crop is ready to harvest he invites the other Club members to come and bring their wives and take dinner.

The men gather the crop from the "Acre" and weigh or measure the same.

After dinner all gather on the shady, or the sunny, side of the house (or in the house, according to the season): the host will read his report as to manner, amount, and cost of cultivation; incidentally showing the cost per bushel, bale or ton of producing this crop. This to be followed by criticism and general discussion. As the shadows begin to lengthen each couple departs for their own home, refreshed, instructed, strengthened; better farmers, better neighbors, better citizens, because

of the days' entertainment and rest from the routine duties of home life.

This is repeated as each member's "Acre" is ready to harvest. At the end of the year (supposing you have eight members in your club) each member knows exactly what it cost, that year, in that neighborhood, to produce eight different farm crops. He is also able to make comparison between the usual method and doing his best.

Incidentally seven of his neighboring families are better friends, are bound to him and his by closer ties than ever before.

Each succeeding year you can exchange crops, or try new ones, and let the new members (which you will surely have) try the one you raised last year.

Each member actively interested would surely send to the state and national experiment stations for the bulletins relating to his particular crop. Should the sphere of investigation and the exchange of ideas never extend beyond the limits of your own Club, it would still be a practical effective agricultural school, the members of which would surely take front rank among the farmers of any section where such an organization was maintained.

It is hardly to be conceived that the members taking an active part in these "Acre Clubs" would fail to be regular attendants at the County Institutes which should be held quarterly at the Demonstration Farm (which every county should have.)

There "Demonstration Farms" established and conducted on a proper basis should be practically self supporting.

This is the foundation plan. As the various Clubs grow in numbers and experience, new ideas will continually unfold themselves.

This is, as it were, the little sprout, with 3 or 4 leaves, ready for transplanting. With proper care and attention it will grow and spread until there will be room beneath its branches for every American farmer to gather his family; and the fruit which it will produce will be ample, not only to feed and clothe the workers, but to provide an education for every child, and a good home, with comfort and plenty, for the aged and infirm, as well as for the workers themselves—GREAT ARE THE POSSIBILITIES OF AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

I said at the beginning to organize an "Acre Club" if there was only two members to begin with,—I now want to add, if the other member is your own boy.

The farmer with a number of sons could have a splendid "Club" at home, but don't be selfish, take in your neighbor, he needs it as bad as you do, maybe worse

Yours for the development and improvement of American Agriculture, and of the Agricultural Workers.

CAMPBELL RUSSELL.

PHOENIX, ARIZONA, DEC., 28, 1907.

Thomas, Ga.

MY DEAR MR. WATSON: Since last I wrote you I have changed my location and at the present time am working for the Arizona Orange Association of which my cousin, Mr. Fleming, is general manager.

My reason for again addressing you is to secure your permission to write a story for the monthly JEFFERSONIAN. I am not asking that you pay me, for I am not particularly anxious about securing money in this manner, despite the fact that I am poor, but it is for the purpose of benefiting humanity that I wish to write a description of the conditions that exist here in regard to the thousands of unfortunate victims of lung trouble who come here every winter.

Phoenix may be justly termed the paradise of "lungers" and when they come here in the incipient stages of the dread disease and take proper care of themselves they almost always recover. But there are hundreds here now and more are arriving each day who are in the second and third stages of the malady and who only await a rainy spell when they catch pneumonia and die. Throughout this Salt River Valley are hundreds of tents inhabited by victims of tuberculosis

and many of them live alone and die uncared for. Sometimes their bodies are not discovered until after decay has set in. The city and county authorities bury dozens of them each winter because they leave no money and no friends. Within forty-eight hours during a rainy spell last winter 36 of them died and just as bad conditions are expected during this winter. A local undertaker has a contract with the city to bury the pauper dead at $1.75 each and needless to say that their coffins are made of white pine and unpainted. My object in appealing to you and stating the exact situation is to enlist your interest and sympathy in the matter of having some national legislation in regard to the care of those who have consumption and to provide that so much land be set aside in which these people can live and compel the states of which they are natives to pay the costs of their maintenance, if they are unable to pay it themselves. Another reason I have for wishing to write an article on the subject is to warn those in the advanced stages of the disease that Phoenix is no place for them, since it will not cure them to come here and may prolong their agony just a little while longer. Mr Watson, if you were here and could see these conditions, I am sure that you would be profoundly impressed with the terrible situation. The Great White Plague seems to be the greatest enemy to the white man of North America, and in my humble opinion our great Government which can equip the most magnificent fleet of war ships in the world and do other things on a gigantic plan, should take a hand and help its suffering citizens. I must again beg your pardon for taking up so much of your time, but at the same time I hope that this will interest you to such extent that you will publish a story on the subject and also write an editorial. With my very best wishes, I am,

Very sincerely,

Thos. J. Hamilton.

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